





Argyllshire

POEMS

SENTIMENTAL AND HUMOROUS.

BY

W. MACINTYRE,

Argyllshire.

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TO

WALTER FREDERICK CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Of Islay and Shawfield, M. P.

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

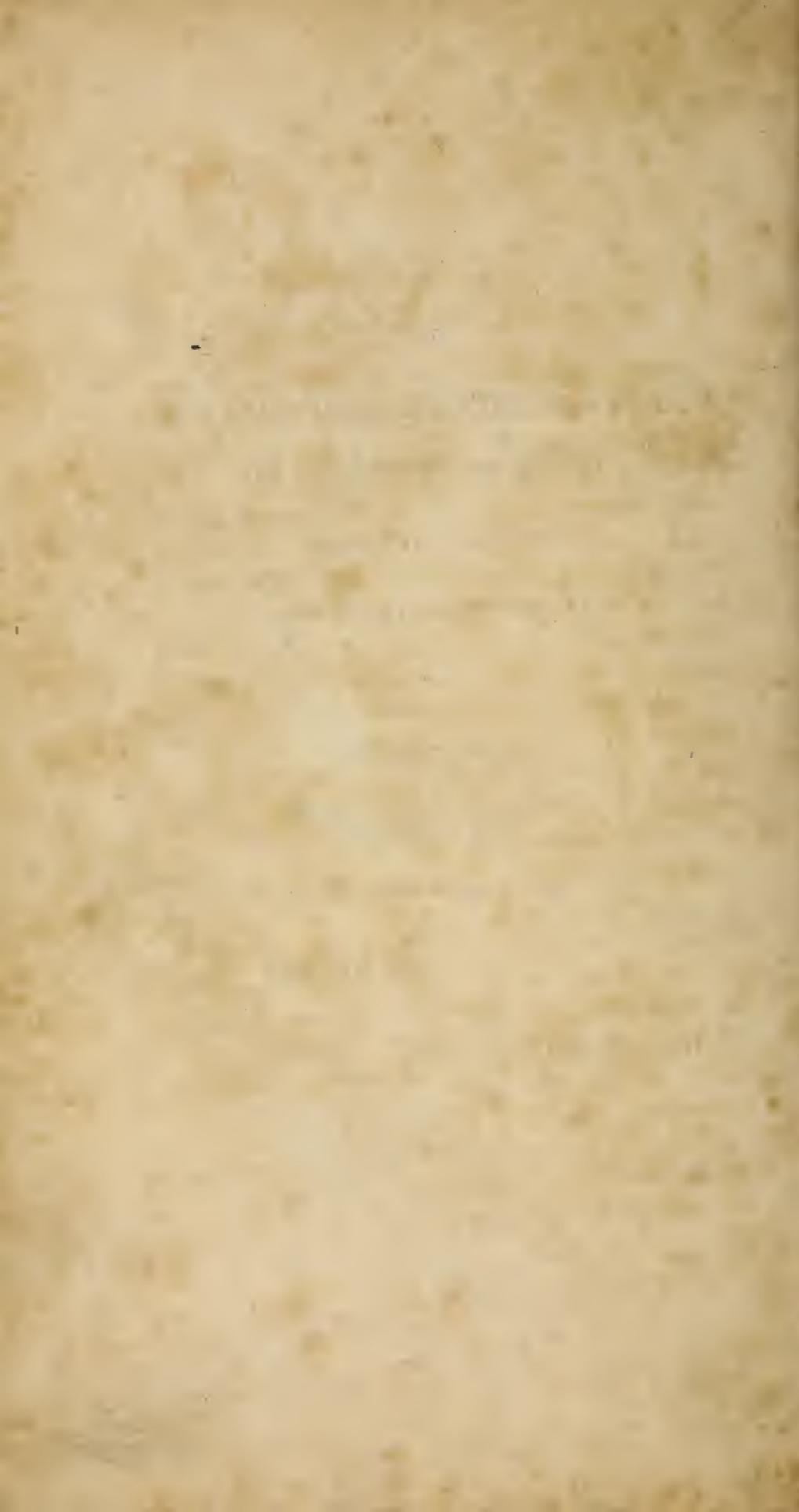
HIS MOST OBEDIENT,

MUCH OBLIGED,

AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

INVERARAY, 30th May, 1825.



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PREFACE.

IN an age like the present, when the Pegasus of Britain is so triumphantly mounted, it would be unpardonable in the author of the following Verses, for a moment to imagine, that any production of his, would either afford amusement, or excite particular attention in those who may honour it with a perusal. His chief object was of a local nature, and his principal excitement, an affection for his country. It was with extreme regret that he heard the beauties of other districts sung by their respective Bards, while the beauties of Argyll were allowed to remain unnoticed; and, though aware that he has but slender pretensions to the title of a Bard, he nevertheless, presumes

PREFACE.

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to give publicity to the following Verses. He may have fallen short of his object; but still, he shall be gratified in the hope, that some competent genius may resume the subject, and,—though his feeble capacity may have failed,—give to Argathalia the praises to which the sublimity of her scenery entitle her.

"The person whom that East
Pallionrose) most hated and
contested, was the Marquis
of Argall, who had then
charge of government of Scotland
though he was a man
of croft and dissimulation
that were necessary to bring
great designs to effect, & had
an regard of certain & ambitious
men, than; yet he had no
marked qualities, nor the
inclination for more courage
than meekness and submission
with no position, as
alone. Because this Mar-

ODE

TO INVERARAY AND THE SURROUNDING SCENERY.

SWEET, lovely Village of my earliest days!
A humble Muse attempts to sing thy praise;
The task may far surpass untutor'd skill,
But still the task is genial to the will.
My happiest days in Argathalia pass'd,
And on her shore I'd fondly spend my last:
To breathe her sea-breeze, or her mountain air:
To angle on her coast, or hunt the deer;
Or with some ancient sage to pass the while,
And listen to the legends of Argyll:
Or hear him, with more verity, unfold
The actions of her warriors of old,
And to the thought portray the battle fields,
Where lack of strength and not of number yields:
Or, from tradition, tell how wars arose
Between Argyll the warrior and Montrose.

And how, as victims to their chieftain's cause,
The martyr'd Campbells fell by cruel laws:—
Who knew not Monmouth—who for James had fought,
Had James at Sedgemoor their assistance sought:—
Who, guiltless as their noble, guiltless lord,
Fell by the barb'rous Writ of "Fire and Sword,"
A monument, a tribute to the slain,
Doth to thy sons the Massacre explain.
But why digress, my muse! so much at large
When Aray's is the pledge you should discharge?
Retrace thy steps—forsake these woes awhile,
And sing the lovely domains of Argyll.

The lovely village, all, Argyll! thine own,
Altho' by Charles made a royal Town,
Is independent of a King's command—
She holds a Charter seal'd by Nature's hand.
Her lofty Vista, Guardian of the rear,
Protects her peace when Boreas may appear.
When ruthless Winter from the scene has fled,
And in vertumnal robes her fields are clad.
In splendour view, when in this dress array'd,
The God of Nature and his works display'd.
Should western gusts our fields incline to sweep,
They find protection from Craig-Bruach's steep:

The stormy south may roll to Aray's shore,—
She has a safeguard and disdains his roar :
She finds her shipping shelter in her bay—
The angry wind may southward bend his way.

No structures here for Idiots to admire—
We have a Temple with a modest spire,
In which the Celtic Briton may adore
His mighty Maker as in days of yore:
His holy aid with reverence invoke
In the same tongue which his forefathers spoke,
And where we, too, may sing His holy praise
In the plain language of our modern days.
No Palaces their foolish wings display,
As if displeas'd, and fain to fly away;
A massy Castle, in the Gothic style,
Displays the sense and genius of Argyll.
No towers, such as some dotard-ancients made,
Irregular, bespeak a giddy head ;
Nor does it dread what some impute as guilt—
That it has not been some five centuries built.
The ancient order moderniz'd with skill,
Gives rev'rence due to ancient genius still ;
Its turrets, in their dignity of grace,
Declare its owner of a noble race.

While martial arms the splendid hall adorn,
They call to mind the ancient lords of Lorn:
In council great—and warriors in the field,
In patriotism prompt the sword to wield.
All else within, in elegance and grace,
Are correspondent with the noble place.—
The field, surrounding, interspers'd with trees,
Refers to Nature, and with her agrees,
While by its verge the Aray's water winds,
And forms a scene that no description finds.
Or North or South, or turning East or West,
'Tis difficult to say which pleaseth best.
To some place not so bless'd—one scene from thee,
And then that place a Paradise would be;
For here or there, where'er we turn the eye,
The various works of Nature seem to vie,
Which terminated, every way, by hills,
The soul contemplative with rapture fills.
The whole confin'd, yet Nature so unfurl'd,
Makes Inveraray seem a little world:
If thro' thy woods or lawns inclin'd to rove,
The scene surpasseth each Utopian grove;
Th' Elysian fields, or the Arcadian plain
Ideal beauties may assume in vain:
No heathen images thy scenes pervade—
Each praise bestows on Him by whom 'twas made,

And shows the power of his unerring hand,
Mongst lofty wilds, such beauties to command.

Arise, oh Shira! let thy vale be seen,
And show where Nature hath so lavish been.
Thy hills in their Autumnal covering take,
Reflected in thy smooth and stilly Lake—
Thy Lake—where various finny tribes abound,
Thy Lake—that waters all thy fields around—
Display when ting'd with parting rays of noon,
Or calm, and silverized by the moon.
Thy hills—thy vale with Switzerland might vie,
And thy smooth lake, Italian lakes defy.
No Naturalist could Nature ask to do
More than she has, oh Shira! done for you;
Thy long stretch'd meadows, by the river fed—
And woodlands, for thy flocks, to form a shade;
Thy tow'ring barns on the distant ground,
Enliven all the scenery around;
And while your banks can boast the fatt'ning steer,
Ascend the hill and view the fallow-deer;
Or else, perhaps, some young and tender fawn
Sports with its dame upon the lower lawn,
And to the gen'ral scene a richness gives
Which none, a stranger, easily conceives.

When leaving thee, and grieving to depart,
Thy sister-field alleviates the heart—
Her lofty avenue of ancient trees,
With the old foliage of thy hills agrees.
Inviting then to stay, the shade is kind,
For, stopping here the tourist looks behind ;
And cannot but in rhapsody survey
Loch-Shira's outlet, and the shady bay :
Her waters here their pristine course pursue,
And pass this field to renovate the view :
There meand'ring in a serpentine line ;
The crystal stream pays homage to Lochfyne ;
Here many a faithful, now out-worn steed,
Enjoys his noble owner's grateful meed—
Permitted here to graze upon its soil,
The gen'rous action, worthy of Argyll.

Come Dunacuach ! next, assist my lays—
Ev'n from thy lofty summit to thy base :
Display thy beauties to the wond'ring sight—
Invite the stranger to thy steepy height ;
And, from within thy cool and ancient tower,
Show him in miniature each grove and bower :
Show him, from where her meadows have their birth,
The Aray, flowing from her parent North,

ODE TO INVERARAY.

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Descending, smooth, by regular cascades,
Where no rude rock her winding course impedes;
And, when arrived at the bridge of Frew,
Ask him, what Artist such a scene e'er drew?
A portrait by my pen can not be given—
The scene is worthy of a pen from Heaven.
('Tis here, sweet Aray! that thy beauties shine—
Resplendent richness, in this grove, is thine.)
Direct him onward to thy eastern base,
And in the varied view his praises raise.
In silent rev'rence downward bend his head
To view the dormitory of the dead:
The hallow'd grotto with its gloomy air,
Mark it peculiar to the sacred care.
The solemn grandeur of this drear retreat—
The general sepulchre of low and great—
The aged beeches, mourning o'er the sod,
Shall raise the soul instinctively to God;
And tho' no kindred friend he here may mourn—
He'll shed a tear upon the general urn;
And when he gives that tribute to the place,
The stranger back his footsteps may retrace,
And have the princely palace of Argyll,
To change his melancholy to a smile,
Here Art and Nature lovingly agree,
The noble turret and the lofty tree;

The winding Aray, and the flow'ry field
A pleasing grandeur to the mansion yield.

And thou Lochfyne! to thee my voice I raise—
Thy cheering aspect, and thy sandy bays:
In debt to thee stands Inveraray most—
Her chiefest riches and her greatest boast:
The town, its motto, doth from thee derive,
So by that motto may her children thrive:
And that their nets with silv'ry spangles shine,
Is yours to give them, and the wish is mine.

One valley yet, and yet one grove, remain,
To share the praises of my rustic pen;
'Twas in its recess stood the sacred bow'r
Which was the scene of many a happy hour:
Where with my friend, (alas! these joys are o'er;
For now he's buried on an Indian shore,)
Where with my friend at eve I often hied,
To share his thoughts and with him mine confide.
'Twas there at first my native rural muse
Did in my soul her sacred fire infuse,
And rose her vision to my youthful mind,
To have my wand'ring thoughts to her confin'd
She show'd the various grandeur of this glen—
I'll give the vision as I saw it then.—

One morning, in the vernal month of May,
While Phœbus yet withheld one cheering ray,
I bent my way to Essachosan's vale
Saluted by the early nightingale,
And as I stroll'd across the dewy lawn,
Disturb'd the timid leveret, or fawn.
I soon approach'd the hoary-clifted glen
With anxious step the object to obtain ;
And as I to the fav'rite grove drew near,
A distant vision struck my soul with fear.
I saw, recumbent, 'neath a spreading tree
A female form, absorb'd in reverie ;
And onward, unperceiv'd, my footsteps led,
To know the lodger of the dewy bed ;
Close, yet more close, I sent my wond'ring eyes—
Its lustre spoke a being from the skies :
The radiant feature, and transcendent grace
Denied it kindred with the human race :
The flowing hair, celestially unfurl'd,
A Being spoke of some more glorious world,
I prostrate fell, nor could I longer gaze,
So dazzled with th' effulgence of its rays.
“ Arise,” it said, “ nor dread thee any harm”—
I rose obsequious to the heavenly form,
And follow'd as the vision led the way,
In thoughtful wonder, and in huge dismay—

The form sublime—and the celestial face
Display'd the lowness of my humble race;
Its brow the seat of conscientious ease,
And “ every look and feature form'd to please!”
Show'd the vast distance mortals had to rise
Ere they resembled Beings of the skies.
When at the bower, o'ershadow'd by an oak,
The morning vision in this manner spoke—
“ When Fancy leads me to forsake my grove
And thro' this valley and these woods to rove;
I oft regret the beauties of the Glen,
Give inspiration to no Poet's pen.
This solitary spot—this little green,
Seem the enchantment of a Fairy scene;
And would some Poet imitate Parnel,
He, here, would for his Hermit find a cell,
And in this solitary, sweet retreat,
He'd have a bed of moss—and verdant seat—
And food of fruit, and drink he here might call,
Among those bushes, and this water-fall.
Or, if some youthful Muse, in fancy's dream,
Should wish an alcove, and a gentle stream,
Then let him here his wand'ring steps pursue,
And each of these, he'll find, sweet vale! in you.
Nor form'd, like Bruar Water, to complain
Of want of woods to beautify the scene:

The little troutlings, too, are always free
To some cool spot o'ershadow'd by its tree,
And should bright Phœbus find their lurking hole,
They upward glide and shun him in the pool.
Had Ossian sought one gift from me to have,
He here for Fingal would have found a cave;
Or if his heath-men wish'd for fallow-deer—
They in abundance would have found them here;
Or, the wild moor-cock if they wish'd to kill,
They would have found him on my either hill.
Immortal Shenstone! if you had been here,
Thou wouldest this vale deem worthy of thy care,
Some fleecy ewes should here their pasture find,
Thyself their guardian and their shepherd kind:
Some Colin hither, with his reed and crook,
You'd send to cheer the grove and grace the brook.
And thou, O Burns! who rais'd thy country's fame,
Would sing in praise of Essachosan's name:
My arbour, here, would oft have been the seat
Where faithful lovers innocently met,
And secretly divulg'd the tender tale—
Then left it hidden in my sacred vale.
But I am here, an unbefriended muse—
No vot'ry aids me, nor my path pursues:
No Norval graces my romantic hills:
No Errant in this Vale his vow fulfils:

No Ramsay I, to breathe a Patie's love,
Or for his Peggy thro' my woods to rove.
Not ev'n an Elegy—a Song—an Ode,
Has been the offspring of my sweet abode.
Take thou the pen, and in thy rustic way,
Make known my sorrows in a simple lay;
Some Poet then, or some superior bard,
May give to Essachosan her reward;
And to her Muse inscribe some rural tale,
Or sound the praises of her lovely Vale!"
Thus said, the vision vanish'd from my eyes,
And with its voice the humble bard complies:
He gives the beauties,—gives them loosely dress'd,—
Arise, some abler bard and do the rest.

ERIN.

Written during her distress in 1823.

“ They have nothing; they are perfectly naked as to clothing, and perfectly helpless, without any comfort or convenience, or any possible way of gaining a livelihood.”

COUNTESS OF GLENGALL’S REPORT.

GUARDIAN of Erin! hear thy Daughter’s tale,
And, pitying, shed a sympathizing tear;
Or now withdraw the dark impending veil,
That hangs around, portentous of despair.

For Erin’s woes and suff’rings deign to feel:
Her sighs and tears, oh! condescend to know;
To joyous thoughts a moment bid farewell;
Whilst I my wonted sprightliness forego.

The shafts of fate, in Poverty’s attire,
Strike on the hamlet and the humble cot,—
Guardian of Erin! see thy sons expire
Or else relieve them of their hapless lot.

Bless'd be the gen'rous, virtuous Glengall,
Who would not, with unmoved feeling, see
Hibernia's children 'neath distresses fall,
As if unworthy of Humanity.

See her pine o'er the needy, helpless poor,
Their sad calamities with truth unfold;
And paint them, starving, at the bounteous door,
Where, with effect, their suff'rings may be told.

Behold, Glengall! from Heaven behold descend,
The seraph that guards o'er the gen'rous heart;
And, glad to find such bounty at thy hand,
Haste back to Heav'n the tidings to impart.

The record there, for charitable deeds,
This soothing act for Erin's sons shall bear:
Erin, unable to supply her needs,
Can only blush and shed a grateful tear

Britain—that fountain of true sympathy,
Feels, as her own, her sister Erin's woes,
And, with a soul benevolent and free,
She gives, unask'd, the bounty she bestows.

If those who, lately, scarce could live, now perish,
What comes of hosts that, suppliant, liv'd on them,
And who had ne'er enough themselves to cherish?
But in death's record to enrol their name.

The forest-tribes we see kind Nature clothe,
Nor do they know from whom the blessings come—
Shall man—shall fav'rite man his *being* loathe,
And only find a cov'ring in the Tomb?

Ah no! this is not Nature's general way—
We scan too hard—nor judge the real cause—
Others have felt what we feel here to-day—
According to her various special laws.

Could we below, a human system find,
To blend our luxuries with our distress,
The medium, then, by these extremes combin'd,
Would thus make Nature Poverty repress.

The sad vicissitude which Erin mourns,
Gives origin to the more sad events—
Tythes to meet more than the land returns,
Exclusive of the landlord's legal rents.

For Famine now prevails throughout the land,
(And Famine is the harbinger of woe,)
Nor leaves enough to meet the Laws command;
Yet what more can the cottager bestow?

The Harp of Erin now may dormant lye,
Mute or untun'd, no one will touch the lyre;
Unless to sound a Dirge or Elegy,
A mournful Minstrel strikes the tuneless wire.

Oh Poverty! of virtue the hard test!
What forcest thou my children to commit?
For deeds concerted in their wildest cast,
The starving peasant is no more unfit.

Driv'n to fanat'cism by distress—
They sin, yet still the crime is scarcely one:
They pillage—but they only steal redress,
To mitigate the suff'rings of their young.

Is there no spark of love in fathers here?
Yea! will they not their naked daughters cover?
Or where's the rustic swain, who yet would bear
To meet, indecently, a modest lover?

Parental love has not so far decay'd
As to behold, with sullen, callous gloom,
The pending fate, and not grasp every aid
To save a starving infant from the tomb.

Nor has the love alternate—filial love,
From Erin's children yet for ever gone—
They deem it kindness, duty doth them move—
To feel alike their sires' wants and their own.

But, oh Heaven! retard their worse misdoings,
Which by no human law can be forgiven:
Save Erin's land from infamy and ruins—
That Mercy show which is alone in Heaven.

Hibernia's Shamrock cause to flourish yet;
Guardian of Erin! former scenes restore;
And place her Harper on his fav'rite seat
To strike the minstrelsy of days of yore.

Hail Britannia! thou Nation great and free!
Hail thou! the gen'rous, virtuous Glengall!
Erin her homage ever owes to thee,
Should Erin flourish or should Erin fall.

MANFRED AND EUDORA.

(From the Romance of that name.)

THE lovely Eudora, her sire's house exiled,
Expos'd to the tempest, and night's dreary gloom,
Shed tears o'er her infant—the little babe smiled—
Not knowing its fate nor its want of a home.

“ But for thee, my sweet babe,” cried the lorn Eudora,
“ These thunderings, tremendous, might roll thro' the sky:
Were you safe, I could find an abode for my sorrow:
In the midst of this storm I could cheerfully die. .

“ Self-ruin'd—no more will my Father solace me—
An ignoble outcast—such is my sad lot:
My Father, my Father! no more dare I face thee,
Nor ever again seek repose in thy cot.”

A wand'ring Exile—on the wide world toss'd—
The pitiless tempest continued to roar;
She reach'd the dark forest—her vigour was lost—
And her limbs sinking under, could aid her no more.

With sleep overcome, she no farther could wander :
In the forest she slept, with her babe in her arm ;
The light'ning might vividly flash, and the thunder
Might roar, but they could not excite an alarm.

It was not the sweet sleep of rest,—but of sorrow—
Her suff'rings increas'd as she woke in the morn :
No food for her babe, nor herself, had Eudora—
Despair met her thoughts ev'ry way they could turn.

The tempest had ceas'd while Eudora lay sleeping,
And Phœbus had vivified Nature again :
The flow'rs of the field that, storm-beat, had been weeping
Last night, now appeared to gladden the scene.

The horns of Huntsmen in her ears resounded,
And speedily follow'd some lords of the chace :
In surprise was the ruin'd Eudora surrounded—
In wonder Count Manfred met her in this place.

" Give relief to thy babe—if not to Eudora!"

She said, whilst the tears rush'd fast to her eye,
The cruel Count Manfred, the cause of her sorrow—
For his babe, nor Eudora ne'er offer'd a sigh.

From her, who once held his sworn vow of affection,
The fair one he ruin'd by his false oath of love,
He turn'd withholding his aid and protection—
Not dreading the vengeance impending above.

An innocent victim to one guilty action,—
An action for which the Count swore he'd atone—
The wand'ring Eudora, almost in distraction,
No home in the wide world knows as her own.

Next day as she stroll'd thro' the forest, forlorn,
A band of fierce ruffians completed her woes:
From her breast, by these villains, her infant was torn,
And the Count look'd, unseen, at the struggling foes.

While she wrestled, in vain, her Babe to recover—
It fell—and a ruffian trod on its breast—
One faint shriek it gave—and its suff'rings were over—
Its pure soul had flown to the regions of rest.

The cruel Count Manfred to his mansion return'd,
And join'd in the banquet for his marriage prepar'd:
Eudora, distracted, in solitude mourn'd,
And call'd to the skies for a vengeful reward.

She wrapt up the babe—now in death lying dormant
Still warm—still bleeding—still reeking in gore—
She wrapt up the corse in the skirt of her grament—
And hast'ned her wild step to Count Manfred's door.

She enter'd the Hall, with her features distorted,—
Expos'd the bleeding victim of Count Manfred's guilt—
His false oath and murderous deed she reported,—
He plung'd thro' her bosom his sword to the hilt.

The Count having thus put an end to her woes—
To her babe having hastened its mother, Eudora—
She paid but the debt which mortality owes,
And in Heaven enjoyeth relief from her sorrow.

Manfred retir'd to bed—not to rest:—
For the Dæmon of vengeance, enrag'd at the deed,—
Saw him plunge the same sword in his unhallow'd breast,
And the last spark of life from his vitals recede.

The Count now with murder,—with suicide cover'd—
 Oh! how shall he stand the just judgment of Heav'n?
Shall the witnessing Angels that over him hover'd
 Intercede with their prayers that he be forgiven?

Ah! no—it belongs to an Angel of love,
 Ev'n the sad soul of Manfred, to lessen its sorrow,
To forgive, and to venture one prayer above—
 An Angel perhaps in the shade of Eudora.

THE HARRASSED FARMER.

" He'll tramp and threaten—curse and swear—
He'll apprehend them—poind their gear."

AWAKE, O Muse! and paint a rural scene,
Calamitous, tho' once with joy serene:—
A farm, the family's, many ages past,
From which a Factor turns them out at last;
A mansion, once, by joyous mirth possess'd,
Acknowledging a Bailiff as its guest:—
Young lambkins gamboling around the knowes
And guarded strictly by the faithful ewes,
Which were the Farmer's chiefest joy and care;
But which no law nor Factor now can spare:—
A hawkie-cow—superior of the fold,
With all a fav'rite—likewise must be sold:—
A sportive kid, their little Johnnie's pet,
That with its dame, must up to sale be set;

And tho' young Johnnie break his little heart,
He and his fav'rite must for ever part.
But to the tale, in native, rustic strain,
And yet awhile the pitying sigh refrain:
Unfold the scene with an impartial eye—
Then for the harrass'd Farmer heave a sigh.

The sun had scarce invaded Morven's shore,
When distant echoes of the creaking oar,
Attract the family's attentive ear,
And warn them for a stranger to prepare,
A stranger it might be—perhaps a friend—
On either of them kindness would attend:
It neither was—it was a motely tribe,
Come to enforce the dictates of a Scribe:
The Farmer guess'd,—he even fear'd the cause;
'Twas rig'rous officers of rigid laws:
He knew the length a Factor's spleen could go,
And saw himself the victim of his foe.

But now arriv'd, and landed on the isle,
These reptiles of the law, with scornful smile.
Display the writ—the purpose of their call—
A writ obtain'd thro' hatred and cabal.
The Farmer's flocks and waving fields of corn,
By legal grasp are from him to be torn:

His flocks alone, it shortly will appear,
Would pay twice o'er the sum of his arrear;
But at these law-made markets no regard
Is paid the tenant, if it speed retard :
No matter tho' tenfold the value's lost,
If they can scrape the rent and Lawyer's cost:
Ev'n tho' a surplus of the sales remain,
That surplus still the Lawyer must retain
To expedite the Farmer's own undoing,
And pay for the completion of his ruin.

Being thus appris'd the Farmer homeward goes,
Striving to hide what soon he must disclose:
Such hapless tidings to a wife reveal!
Yet such his fate, he can't them long conceal:
His children too!—how can he them deceive?
Tho' he betray, the scene they must believe.
He strives, howe'er, dissembles to the last—
Partakes, unappetiz'd, the morn's repast ;
He sees his childrens' wonted mirth prevails—
Their pending fate he inwardly bewails ;
His little Johnnie's sports awake his fears—
He quits the room to vent a flood of tears.
Young Maggie's heart to earthly cares unknown,
Suspecteth not the cares it soon must own :

To Norman, who approacheth boyhood's years,
The melancholy of the sire appears
That all's not right, his own conjecture tells,
His youthful heart with inward sorrow swells.

They now approach—till now, this peaceful home :
The officer and his assistants come :
A Judge—a Crier, and an Auctioneer—
With wond'ring villagers, fill up the rear.
The Officer the Farmer calls aside,
As if some secret with him he'd confide ;
But only tells him what he knows too well—
He now is come, his property to sell—
And with a sort of seeming sympathy,
Which adds but insult to their misery,
He asks if he is destitute of aid
Sufficient to provide him with a bed,
With which, and little else—he wisely says,
Many a bankrupt Farmer spent his days ;
But well the Bailiff knoweth that the farm
Must *void* and *redd* be at th' ensuing term :
And that the Farmer then will have no home
To which his family or himself can come—
Unless kind Heav'n, propitious, intercedes—
Deplores their suff'rings, and supplies their needs.

The shepherds slowly wind adown the rocks,
And sorrowfully lead the bleating flocks:
Lament this gath'ring of their happy care,
And with reluctance to the fank repair;
But here no softer feelings can oppose
The harden'd feelings of their legal foes.
The flocks must now in various lots be sold,
A Factor's ranc'rous malice to uphold—
None but the Factor's; for 'twas he alone,
That, latent, wish'd the Farmer was undone.

Heav'n confound these minions of our lairds,
Who for such services meet such rewards:
Who, just to gratify their selfish ends,
Injustice do, whilst law precludes amends:
Who reign despotic tyrants o'er their charge,
And hold poor tenants on destruction's verge,
That, if they violate tyrannic pleasure,
He'll heap them ruin with unbounded measure:
A perfect Nero in oppressive deeds—
Who's worse than him who spurns the heart that bleeds?
Than touch the soul with insult and with scorn,
Corporeal torture easier far is borne,
For break the heart—the engine of the soul,
And who'd not rather quit this earthly goal?

Yet what can sooner reach and wound the heart
(Wounds far beyond the power of Surgeon's art,) Than to behold thy fam'ly plung'd in woe,
By machinations of a favoured foe?

The flocks and lowing herds are now arriv'd—
Their guardians of their happy charge depriv'd:
Then form'd in lots—the whole are quickly sold,
To leave for e'er their native fank and fold.
Wee Johnnie looks in wondering surprise;
But little knows what gives the bustle rise:
The village Clergyman, mute, surveys the whole—
The hapless scene afflicts him to the soul:
And since the means of friendship are denied,
He, silent, prays to Heav'n to be their guide:
To mitigate the father's dire distress
And farther means of sorrow to repress:
To interfere with its benignant hand,
And give these 'pending laws a counterman.

Tho' now dispos'd what thrice the rent would pay—
'Tis insufficient their hands to stay:
They strip the mansion to the naked wall—
Till now the cheerful room and servants' hall—
The sire, his grief no longer can suppress—
His tears, uncall'd for, indicate distress :

Attendant spirits—descended from on high,
Bear up the wish of Morven to the sky.
The Curates prayer in Heaven's throne is heard—
And joyful angels shout the bless'd award:
A long-lost brother gain'd his native shore,
Bless'd with a competence from India's store:
Fraternal love I need not here describe—
He soon redeem'd them from the tyrants pride.
They bless the Power thro' which the aid is given,
The Curate raises up his thanks to Heaven.
Again they live supremely bless'd, and free
From Factor's malice, or from law's decree:
Wee Johnnie's whims may wanton as they please—
And *all* return to happiness and ease.

ON THE EMIGRATION FROM THE
HIGHLANDS.

COME a' ye wha can greet an' croon,
Ilk farmer, cottager, an' loun:
Ye lairds, and greater folk aboon,
 An' mourn awhile,
For mony a cheerie cot's left toom
 In auld Argyll.

A' the folk for emigration,
Have ta'en a dreadfu' inclination,
Saying its cauld inspiration
 Sends them thither.
Hech! how an aulder generation
 Wad think and swither!

Kail wadna grow out i' the yard,
Nor kye their milk hae langer shar'd :
The deil himsel wad need to've dar'd
 'Fore they wad steal
A march frae whare they often far'd
 Sae unco weel.

Dead-swear thae ancients wad hae been,
To leave their kingdom and their King :
Their shanks wad be as sma' an' lean
 As the poor kye,
Which foretold Pharoah in a dream,
 The famine nigh.

They wadna sell their stocks o' cattle—
Their beer for maut—their brewing kettle,
Wi' a' the lave o' the pat-mettle,
 To leave their hame,
Unless it were to fight some battle
 For Scotia's fame.

They wadna the auld cot forsake—
Nor quit the linn, nor the muir-lake
Frae which their young anes aft did take,

Or 'twas a wonner,
 As mony troutlings as wad make
 A sunday's dinner.

What tho' at rent-day, somewhat short,
 The Factor thought it mighty sport
 To tell them that he was na for't—
 That he'd sequester—
 Some door-frien', 'fore he'd see him hurt,
 Wad lend's last tester,

And seek nae written sort o' bill
 That promis'd payment to fulfil—
 He'd trust it to the cotter's will,
 Somewhat like men,
 And a' the interest, just a gill—
 And wha wad ken?

Thae times are gane, and mair's the harm!
 Lament ye pibrochs on ilk farm
 Betwixt Loch-Tarbert and Loch-Earn
 Wi' sad, sad, drone—
 Play ilk fiddle, wi' teughest thairm,
 The mournfu' tone.

Quite careless a' o' nature's ties,
Wi' scarce ae tear in your eyes,
Ye've gane, your fathers to despise:
 Fie on ye! Swith!
The Indians 'gin to humanize
 Wi' a' your pith.

Learn them there the generous pride
That reign'd at ilka fire-side
To see wha wad be the best guide
 O friendship's days,
Striving to turn the surly tide
 O' neebor's waes.

Amang the wilds, and ilk Savannah,
Strive to catch, sirs! what ye canna;
Syne starve, and need as much the manna,
 As Israel's folks,
And cheated pride will mak' ye stan' a',
 Ye wandrin' gowks!

Sirs! when ye think o' times now gane—
The auld-new-year,—the Halloween,
The mony cantrips on the green

That ye hae had,
The very thought o't a', alane,
Might turn ye mad.

Waes me! we needna here misca'ye—
Other mischiefs may befa'ye—
Soon enough some Buff'lo, tawie
For a wee while,
May gore your tripes, and sorely paw ye,
Wi's foreign guile.

And then, no friendly cock or hen
To cackle thro' your but and ben—
No cat your fire-side to ken,
And purr about it:
A sic a callous, Yankee scene,
I wish ye out o't.

Sic labour and sic dreary toil
To gain a wee bit foreign soil,
Wi' no daft pleasure to beguile
The drecgh days wark,
But just belyve your yams to boil
I' your stick-built ark.

Your toddlin brats, who scarce can trot;
Whom to the Indians ye have brought,
When right grown up, will take a thought
 Of these fine doings—
Back here they'll come; and you a lot
 Maun raise o' new anes.

Wha kens th' intentions o' the state?
Aiblins sometime no so blate
To make ye thole a poor, poor fate—
 Ev'n there to starve,
Or kinsfolk in a barb'rrous state,
 To cut an' carve.

Hey day! ye poor expatriate race!
Why did ye turn away your face?
D'ye think that there ye'll find sic grace
 As Jacob got,
Who peopled nations frae a place,
 Once just a cot?

Faith! ye maun hae twa wives at least,
Before wi' fifty bairns ye're blest:—
To fill a town, and that the maist,

It wad be wee,
And yet that same wad need some haste
For you to see.

Fareweel ye ilk deluded chiel!
Ye've broke the auld ancestry wheel—
Your brats who've to gie their first squeel—
Maun change the style;—
And to ilk custom, bid fareweel,
O' auld Argyll.

SANCHO PANZA'S
SOLILOQUY AND ADDRESS
TO HIS

*Faithful Ass, Dapple, when buried in the Subterranean
Vaults on his way from the Government of Barataria.*

“ SINNER that I am ! now I mourn !
No greater fool was ever born !
My evil stars this woe have sent,
Which 'tis beyond me to prevent.
Sinner on earth ! here suck thy thumbs,
And cease to long for sugar-plums.
I told my wife—it's come to pass—
That ‘ Honey was not for an ass,’
That ‘ Pearls were not meant for swine ;’
But that, some day, they might be mine
I told my wife, alas ! wiseacre,
That I for glory must forsake her,
That, when in plenitude and pow'r,
She should behold my coach and four.

She must control her giddy brain,
And from all vulgar talk refrain:
Nor spend great sums with too much haste,
But to reserve more than she'd waste.
For wealth, 'fore God, I'd e'en purloin—
I've now been paid in Satan's coin:
To reap the honours of a lord,
I shunn'd the bridge and cross'd the ford.
Is't Rhadamanthus is so hard
As punish me with this reward?
Some fiend infernal it must be
That now inflicts this woe on me!
Last night, array'd in pomp and glory—
To-day, toss'd down to purgatory!
'No honours,' I once vainly said,
'Would sit right on Teresa's head:'—
Should I a Bishop be, or Earl,
I run a most precarious peril:—
To make a Countess of my wife,
It would harass me all my life:
To learn Terese to understand
In the beau monde how to command
Her cow-herd gait and pig-sty manners,
Her tongue as loud as winnowing fanners,
My hogs to mart I've driven well—
Woe betide me! child of hell!

Searching for pears upon the elm,
His greed doth Sancho overwhelm :
In this grim dungeon Panza's toss'd
To bear in comp'ny the wild ghost
Of some poor devil, mad as he,
Here to commence eternity !
Lord ! how I always dreaded ghosts
And all the midnight wand'ring hosts ;
God give me strength, whate'er betide,
And grant me Dapple for my guide :
Than I should meet with any skaith
I know he'll sooner suffer death ;
But if his courage strives in vain,
Hobgoblins' guests we must remain.
My Lord Governor ! one day past —
Next day sent here to breathe my last !
Too soon I know — too late I learn
The grief at which my bowels yearn :
By the pedigree of all the Panza's,
In prose recorded, or in stanzas,
None of them ever did before,
Beneath the grave his death deplore.

“ Oh ! had it been that val'rous wight,
La Mancha's great and glorious Knight,

He'd of Dulcinea dream and rave
As when in Montesinos' cave.
- The cause of all my fear and pain
Would pleasantly him entertain:
A Tartarus, to me this cell—
A banquet-hall him to regale:
The cloth, to him, would here be laid:
To him the bed be softly made—
He here would see a chaste Diana
And palaces of Galiana:
This darkness which, as death, I fear,
To him some lucent chandelier
As if adorn'd in pride of spring,
These vaults to him would pleasure bring:
Heavenly visions he would see,
Whilst toads and lizards gape at me:
This vapour which I scarce can bear,
To him, sweet aromatic air:
While here I dread ten thousand evils
Of Ghosts and Spirits, Fiends and Devils:
Don Quixote's brain would all transform
To heavenly visions soaring o'er him;
Oh! animal with half an eye!
That such a death I here must die!
Beast that I am! without a soul!
To be of Fate the sporting Owl!

Oh! garlic-eating, rustic fool!
To think that islands I should rule.
Better it fits me to herd swine,
Than dream that governments are mine.
To be an ass, all that I lack,
Are lugs, a tail, and burdened back!
Some past day, known to Heav'n alone,
May bring to light my skeleton:
Should Dap the ghost yield by my side,
The world may safely then confide
' That we are Sancho and his ass,
Who've met this lamentable pass:
Who ne'er enjoyed more pleasant charms
Than hugging in each others arms.'

" Oh Dapple dear! my life—my soul!
Well may'st thou at thy Sancho growl.
Ist thus thy toiling I reward?—
Forgive me friend, for I regard
You, notwithstanding my misdoings,
As the offspring of my loins:
Oh! thou great Solomon of sense!
Assist me in this huge suspense:
Entreat of heav'n us to release;
Nor let our mutual prayers cease.

I trow that, priest-like thou'rt devout,
And that, like me, you'd fain get out:
Should fortune cease on us to frown,
Upon thy head I'll place a crown
Of laurel, with which—well I know it—
Thou'l look just like a laureat Poet:
O'er and above and therewithal,
I'll doubly load thy fatt'ning stall,
And pleasure have to see it swell ye
Till bless'd with Alderman-like belly—”
Here Sancho ended this salute,
While Dapple lay profoundly mute,
Then pitying Heav'n their piteous prayers heard,
And freedom on the Squire and Ass conferr'd.

GOVERNOR PANZA'S EXTRICATION.

HAVING pray'd, and sigh'd and wept and swore,
Poor Sancho ventur'd to explore
The extent of this dungeon wild,
Into which fate had him beguil'd;
But tho' all, yet, was dark as death,
Still Panza would not yield his breath,
So long's his wallet could sustain
Of life in him a single grain:
He treated Dapple in the dark
With half the bread, and this remark,
“ That ills on ills were even good
So long's there was no lack of food.—
My Master us'd to say—great hero!
That ‘ Post tenebras lucem spero.’ ”
The axiom came in proper time;
For Phœbus now began to shine

Down thro' some crevice—God knows where—
But Sancho's soul and eyes did stare :
- His mouth for sight did even gape
For some quick medium of escape :
He look'd, and look'd again, in vain—
Again did grievously complain—
“ We well may bear, without a frown,
Misfortune when she comes alone—
Her sisters here are all combin'd,
And we to death are now consign'd !
Oh Dapple! join my Pater noster—
My eyes behold the Devil's Toaster:
Of *Aves* thou may'st add a few
That my poor soul may have its due :
As for our *Credo*—all my life,
I had no more of than my wife,
For she, poor brute ! had no great itch
For pray'rs, and I about as much.
My Master said, I fear'd a toad,
He believ'd, more than I dreaded God.
And tho' at this remark I'd growl—
Its truth now shakes my conscious soul.”

Whilst grieving thus, and quite dejected,
One brought relief, by Heav'n elected,

All wrongs and evils to redress,
And aid to lend those in distress.

La Mancha's Knight, for exercise,
'Fore Sol had cheer'd the clould-capt skies,
With Rosinante, scour'd the field,
Well arm'd with his lance and shield :
And o'er the cavern's roof had hied,
But at that instant Sancho cried,
“ Soho! above there! who are you?
Christian, Pagan, Turk, or Jew!
I, Sancho, now half-dead with fear,
Misgovern'd Governor! am here
Buried in Jacob's childrens' cave—
Haste—try a Sinner quick to save.”
The Knight prodigiously astounded,
“ Who's that below?” with haste redounded,
“ Who should it be, oh noble sire!
But Sancho Panza, Quixote's Squire.”
The Knight was more surpris'd than ever,
Because he could no cause discover,
How Sancho, in his loving wits,
Should haunt these dark and dreary pits—
He thought,—till in conjecture lost—
At last he thought 'twas Sancho's ghost
Doing penance in this dismal place,
And, taking this to be the case,

Again did down the cavern roar,
With voice as fierce as Indian Boar,—
“ Fiend, or most perturb'd of spirits
That these infernal vaults inherits,
I conjure thee not to depart,
But tell me quickly who thou art:
If for misdeeds thy life was curb'd,
And in thy spirit thou'rt perturb'd,
’Tis mine, great actions to achieve—
Th' oppress'd to succour and relieve:
And seeing that no devils yet
Have with their tortures you beset,
Our church's pray'rs we must obtain
T' alleviate thy present pain.—
As far's my fortune can extend
Her pray'rs for you shall have no end—
Her Legates—Cardinals—the Pope—
I'll pay them all, if there be hope,
That their devotions may recal
Your spirit from that darksome hall;
So now thy real name declare.”—
“ I vow to God I'm just your squire;
Nor ever in my life was dead,
But by enchantment here misled:
To show that nought can truth surpass,
My vows are proven by my ass;

He, in his former human shape,
Waits here, with me, for an escape.”
The ass gave now a hideous bray,
Which Quixote’s doubts quite clear’d away;
He heard the tone so oft before,
No doubt remain’d—the Knight was sure.

For aid he was about to go,
But in his movements seem’d so slow,
That Sancho, in the name of God,
Bawl’d up to him to take the road,
“ Buried alive, I cannot bear—
Moreover, too, I’ll die with fear—
Off, off a God’s name—off for aid—
Raise I and Dapple from the dead.”
The Knight went off, and soon return’d,
While Sancho’s soul for freedom burn’d:
His ass and Panza being bound
With ropes, were hoisted to the ground.”
“ Farewell! thou bitter gates of hell,”
Cried Sancho, as he prostrate fell,
“ Bless’d be the light that’s brought to pass—
This resurrection to my ass:
God wot, he *liked*, as much as me,
This sample of eternity.”

“ In this way” said a wag, conceited,
“ Let all bad Governors be treated”—
“ Hold, brother growler! full eight days
I have made num’rous wise displays
Of Law—of Justice and of Learning,
And all the time was nothing earning:
I never had a bribe in view;
Nor even did receive my due:
Cas’d round and round, like a Tortoise,
Then hurried to the battle’s noise
And when unfit to bear the weight,
Of armour in this devils-fight,
Down came General Panza fast
And willingly would breathe his last;
They march’d and counter-march’d, ‘fore God,
Lev’lling my carcase with the sod—
And tho’ I curse, and pray, and roar—
They counter-march it more and more;
‘ But God himself doth still ordain,
That man doth projects make in vain.’
‘ Heav’n knows better when to grant
What every man pretends to want;’
‘ Let no one, then, presume to think,
That of his cup he will not drink;’
‘ For where the flitch we hop’d to find,
Not ev’n a hook was left behind.’

' Naked I went—naked remain—
I've lost but little—less did gain.'

' Between these two words ' said' and ' done,'
A man a wild-goose chase may run.'

" God knows my meaning—that's enough"
Then ended this proverbial stuff;
An Errant's squire will Sancho now remain,
Nor ever dream of Governments again.

CONTEST OF PATRONAGE;**OR THE LAWYER AND THE DEIL.**

THE Deil, about twa year syne,
Came in, incog, to Aray's town,
Some puzzling bus'ness to untwine
Anent some matters of his own.

Straight to an honest lawyer chiel
His deilship fast did hirplin' gang,
Wi' lots o' gear to criesh the wheel,
And mak't redress the grievous wrang,

An' Couns'llor Solon, ever gleg,
In ony cause that wad hae pay't,
Ne'er yet observ'd the cloven leg
That marks auld Tammy to his wyte.

My honour'd Sir! please tell your case,
Whilst I tak down the information;
And gin the law can gie you ease,
I'll screed it aff in sweet rotation.

“ Then know, my worthy, learned frien’!
A job I have up i’ the North:
The case I’m told’s already been
To the Assembly-men sent forth.

“ Now Sir! this case goes hard wi’ me,
If the kirk-patron, haply gain it;
So stir up a’ the law ye hae
And, faith, your fee, ye needna hain it.

“ He wants to keep a lawless grip,
As patron, of a kirk-land living,
An’ Sir! he’s like to gie’s a trip—
Folk dread our church’s plea misgiving.

“ He’s o’ the Roman Cath’lic kin’,
Which Orthodox puts in a fyke,
For fear her numbers fa’ behin’
Wi’ sermons o’ some Popish tyke.

“ If Orthodox should na’ gain’t
Then that wad strike my interest sair;
And wi’ the very thoughts I’m pain’d;
For Papists always scant my fare.”

Solon soon wrote the twentieth page,
Displaying numberless quotations,
Made strong wi’ mony a law adage,
Frae Civil Laws and Law o’ Nations.

There he quoted “ Craig de feudis,”
And Connel’s learned work on Tiends—
Explained to him, as wont and use is,
The various ways to find amends.

Forthwith a Mandate he did file,
Altho’ ’twas rather premature;
But Cleft-foot could na now resile—
And forehand payment made him sure:

“ Know, I’m his majesty Old Nick,
Lang a Sovereign in this lan’;
And now to yield to sic a trick
As this wad be, I canna stan’.

“ Ye nae doubt ken that lang prescription,
Completes my title here for ever—
The Kirk shall breed a sad eruption,
Before that right from me she sever.

“ You see the Pope, by under-hand,
Sells a’ his folk a cheap redemption:
And when I come across the land
They laugh and show me their exemption.

“ Thus, Sir! am I depriv’d of sport
Betwixt his Holiness and Death—
His Grace absolves them at his Court,
And Death, to spite me, stops their breath.

“ Hech Sirs!” yawn’d the chuffie Solon,
“ I hae mysel an interest here;
O Lord! to see me, your lang pole on,
Ride an inglorious career.

“ Mercy! my blood within me boileth—
I feel my hair as if ’twere seinging:
My heart with brimstone heat recoileth—
Old Satan’s torture me to plunge in!

“ Can we no even matters souther,
(It does na suit us here to part,)
And be to each a mutual brother—
Come gie’s a han’, and cheer your heart.

“ If you’re sent down, in haste, to me,
When a’ your mischief here is ended,
Ye’ll then find that ye’ll thankfu’ be
That a’ our quarrelling was ended.

“ For there I’ll keep you in my mind,
And wi’ mysel aye hae ye daffin’,
While other Lawyers there will find,
My minions at their torments laughin.”

“ Tho’ wi’ your terms I b’lieve I’ll gree,
(I canna tell the reason how,)
It gars me quake to think we’ll be
Constantly bleezing in a lowe.

“ But mind, a Missive maun be sign’d,
Upon a proper stamp, to nail it;
For that will bind you if design’d
When there, the implement to fail it.”

“ Avaunt! avaunt! God’s mercy on me!
I’m almost petrified wi’ fear:
Oh! how you yet may lay upon me,
Wi’ your three-prong’d witter’d spear.”

Thus spoke Solon, a’ owre shaking,
To the terrific powerfu’ Deil,
Who just stood laughin’ at the quaking
O’ the conscience struck, poor Lawyer chiel.

“ Vow! how your heart must e’en no clink,
When ye wad part wi’ sic a fee!
Ken ye na yet there is a link
That chains in friendship you and me?”

“ No,” Solon cried “ tak back your gear—
I’ll hae nae mair wi’ you to do;
But in this cause I must appear;
Tho’ faith! your Rev’rence, not for you.”

Says Nick, “ you’re surely no sae fool
As wi’ a frien’ to disagree;
And ever more to sit in dool,
At war wi’ Orthodox and me.

A' thae affairs being friendly settled,
Auld Clootie and the Lawyer 'greed;
But Clootie was a wee thing nettled,
At Solon asking any deed.

So as he came out owre the door,
Says Nick, quite quietly to himsel,
“ As ye outwit me here so sore,
I'll scald you in my brimstone well.

“ It lies, *in nomine pignoris*—
His parchment deed—wi' ev'ry clause;
But soon the flames that wait before us,
Shall abrogate his useless laws.”

Remember, Sirs! to tak some tent,
When wi' the deil ye've any doing;
For Lawyers scarcely need a hint
That there a heap o' them are going.

JOCK'S FROLIC.

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.

ON wint'ry nights, when drift and snaw
Give unco weight to Bacchus' Law;
And Scribbler-chaps think it nae harm
To make their stomachs something warm;
To bid defiance to the frost
Beside the ingle of their host:
To spend their ain hours as they please,
As soon's their daily labours cease.
They're first like Saints, but soon, as Deils,
They'd reft o' senses sober chielz:
When spirits make their patience rare,
God pity poor auld sulky Care
Frae them, this night, he'll get no hearing—
His dull discourse is far past bearing:

Off home, they carena if this pest
May go, and till the morning rest,
By some auld Aunt or Brother's wife,
He'll thanked be for nursing strife;
But Deil one step in here he'll come,
Till Mirth herself shall quit the room.
King Jock, wi' a' the might he's able,
Will dance and caper on the table,
And smash the dishes a' at once,
Ere he completes his drunken dance;
Loud, *Jamie* laughs, to see the fun—
Will, breaks his glass, 'fore a' is done.

It was not for being fu', we're told,
That that Zipporah of a scold
Xantippe, Socrates' cross wife,
Tormented her poor husband's life.
It was a very diff'rent case—
He ne'er assum'd a laughing-face;—
He went abroad—came home again—
His countenance was still the same.
Now, had Socrates been wiser,
Or had he *Jock* for an adviser,
He'd sometimes, ev'n by getting fu',
Bid to Philosophy adieu:

Then home Xantippe to arouse,
And play the devil in the house:
Break every chair, table, stool—
And show a Moralist a Fool.
Then when she'd vented all her fury,
She'd get good natur'd in a hurry,
And maybe think it nothing wrong,
To join Socrates in a song:
And he might go so far, perchance,
As make his *cara sposa* dance.

'Twas 'pon a wintry night like this,
That Jock, determin'd to hae bliss,
Foregather'd wi' a few good souls,
To get as drunk and blind as owls:
The night pass'd on wi' mirth and glee—
They ay drank more and got more free.
The big stoup on the table clinket—
In, instantly, the landlord blinket;
And as they call the other fill,
He eagerly obeys their will;
Whilst Jock lets fly his jokes and jibes,
Friend Jamie's like to rive his sides,
At sight o' which Jock grows the dafter,
And makes unbounded Jamie's laughter.

Ev'n Bacchus stretcheth wide his jaws
To see sic Min'sters o' his laws.
His Heathen God and Tut'lar Saint—
Full well knew Jock his wishes' bent:
He charges each his glass to fill,
Then calls upon his neighbour *Will*
To screed some Bacchanalian song,
And rouse the spirits o' the throng:
Wi' greedy haste *Will* soon complies—
Mirth, quick, goes on—time quicker flies:
At length, like Babel's builders grown,
Each speaks a language of his own,
None else can tell't—such is the pass—
More than the words of Balaam's Ass:
Yet folk when fu' are so like weans,
They care na' what each other means:
All that then passes, goes for good—
Such is a drunk man's happy mood.

Some now lye snoring 'neath the table—
Some stagger home as well's they're able:
On 's foreside, one lies down to vomit—
Another wise man sees a Comet,
And on his back contented lies,
(Perhaps because he cannot rise)
Contemplating the starry skies;

Some others deem't too soon to part—
Jock seconds this wi' a' his heart.
The lave, at last, get quite undone
And Jock victorious reigns alone:
Then treats the good-folk o' the house—
Syne dances wi' the Landlord's spouse,
And little thinks o' Kilmalieu *;
But makes himself quite roarin' fu':
Then staggers off, quite void o' fear,—
Quite void o' ev'ry earthly care.

But Kilmalieu, the dead folk's yard,
Will soon thy pace, O Jock! retard;
For here to-night it is compact'
That some sad work's to be transact'—
Neither by Witches, Fairies, Kelpies,
Nor any tribe o' Warlock whelpies:
Nor even by the Deil himsel,
Nor ony agent sent frae H—ll;
But by some ancient sons o' Death—
Lord! Jock, I dread some unco skaith :
It's nae sma' joke to meet wi' ghosts,
Or ony sic hard hearted hosts

* The Burying Ground—about half a mile from Inveraray.

Vow! what an inimical tribe—
They'll no e'en listen to a bribe.
They'll may be cram you in a coffin,
While ye're dead-drunk, and end your daffin' ;
And may be, 'fore the night be past,
Ye'll hae to gape your very last.
But truth, oh Jock!—the truth be told—
Whilst we this ghostly tale unfold.

Jock stagger'd 'gainst the dead's ain door—
It open'd wide—Jock tumbled o'er;
And here he sits, some auld tune hummin'—
Deil care had he o' what was comin',
Till suddenly he got a thump,
That made him in a hurry jump :
He thought it might be *Will* or *Allan*,
Or Jamie—ill-tim'd tricky callan' ;
But mercy on us, how he star'd
To see the goggle een that glar'd :
And then sic teeth—sic jaws—sic banes—
As fleshless a' as ony stanes:
Besides the rustling, cauld, white sheet,
That loosely trail'd about its feet :
A sober man had life departed;
But Jock, good trouth, was stouter hearted.

'Twas like a ghost—he saw that clear,
But Jock no ghost did ever fear;
'Bout sp'rits his Grannie oft had deav'd him—
But just to please her, Jock believ'd them:
Her Great-grand-mother once, she said,
Saw her Grandfather at her bed,
Full fifty years after he
Had perish'd in the Irish sea:
Her auld Aunt Jean, when struck in years,
Was reckon'd 'mong the best o' seers:
Convers'd wi' Brownies, Fairies, Witches,
Behind auld dykes and down in ditches;
Saw dreadfu' battles in the air,
And out-cast spirits in despair.
If kye had rowted thro' the night,
She by this extraordinar' slight
Could understand it—tell its meaning—
Some one would die before next e'enin'.
If owls had skriegh'd, she'd gie her aith,
It was portentous o' *some* death;
And ev'ry night, by some strange vision,
She, soon as Death, knew's ain decision.
But a' this wisdom Jock despis'd,
Nor by such facts was e'er advis'd.

Jock thought the ghost was just a man—
Cries ‘fright me neighbour if ye can,’
It then gave Jock an awfu’ cuff
But met a valiant rebuff;
To lay the spirit flat he tried,
It a’ his futile strokes defied;
For a’ that his twa hands did meet,
Was just the empty winding sheet;
In faith the cloth was yet so good,
It had na’ lang been made a shroud.
Unlin’d wi’ whisky, Jock was gone—
Wi’ fright he’d been as dead’s a stone;
But, gath’rin’ a’ the life he could,
He ask’d the ghost to be so good
As tell him what he wanted wi’ him,
If nought—he presently should lea’e him:
The ghost, wi’ voice, grim, wild and hollow,
Then told outwitted Jock to follow:
That some auld friends, in council met,
Did for his presence there await.
Of reason Jock was almost ’reft,
But no alternative was left;
He made one effort to run off;
But ghosts, it seems, are better stuff;
It hard by Jock’s twa hands did tug
Jock in the ground his twa heels dug;

But he might push wi' a' his main—
Against the ghost, it was in vain :
He strove the sp'rit to tumble owre;
But that was not in poor Jock's power :
They stagger'd over Grave head-stones ;
Jock bruis'd and peel'd his twa shin-bones ;
But o' sic evils to complain—
'Twas useless e'en to think o' pain.

God pity thee, oh Jock! thy fate—
Thou'st bought it at a bonny rate—
They know thy wanton pranks I fear,
Frae first to last, thro' a' the year!

Being at their council room arriv'd,
Of every hope Jock's now depriv'd:
He saw the Preses at the head,
Who'd been some hundred years dead,
The moulder'd banes, by some slight-hand,
Were made, e'en yet, upright to stand;
Next senior ghost in pulverism,
(Who'd been in auld John Knox's schism,)—
Sat next the Preses—and so on
Sat each succeeding skeleton.
Some ghosts long since their robes had lost—
The best spun o' them went to dust:—

Which shows us that it's idle talk,
To say that all the ghosts that walk,
Have sheets upon them, white as snow,
Whene'er on midnight routs they go:—
The Junior class who died the last,
Their gaudy grave-clothes had not cast—
Some o' them were far gone indeed—
Some yet could boast of every thread.
'Twas not their robes that Jock surpris'd,
Nor yet the ghosts being pulverized—
'Twas to behold the cursed capers,
The clerks made thro' the books and papers:
To see, for clerkship, such utensils—
Their various shifts for pens and pencils:
A wee bairn's scull was their ink-holder:
A sma' rib-bane, their paper-folder:
Their desk, was Willie Brosey's stone:—
Most other things were made o' bone.
Their Record Preses 'hint them stood,
The shelves were made o' coffin-wood:
The books were bound in extra-sides—
The leather made o' auld men's hides.
Twa folio volumes, titled, "Heads
"O' Jock's exploits and drunken deeds,"
Last night they'd finish'd, ev'ry word,
And this night's work commenc'd a third:

Some more “ Illustrious Lives” they had
But Jock’s ain life ‘maist made him mad:
He saw it was na’ quite the worst,
But still sufficiently curs’d.
No other works could Jock inspect—
’Twas too much for his intellect.

“ Wretch,” says the President, “ you’re drunk,”
Instinctively Jock’s shoulders shrunk—
“ Thou list’nest to thy heathen-god”—
Jock, horror-struck, just gave a nod:
The President then gave a sign—
The spirits form’d a double line:
On Jock they a’ fell, helter-skelter—
In vain poor Jock might look for shelter:
Frae ane anither—frae wall to wall
They toss Jock like a tennis-ball—
He roar’d to halt; but a’ in vain—
From wall to wall he flew again;
But when they thought that Jock had fainted,
And of his conduct had repented—
They toss’d him over the kirk-yard,
And then made off—unseen—unheard.

Jock gave a long and piteous groan,
Then saw the sun's rays o'er the Strone *;
- But as the orb himsel' did peep,
Jock found he'd just been—sound asleep.

* A Hill opposite the church-yard to the East.

AN ALLEGORICAL VOYAGE.

I.

FIERCELY the billows, 'gainst the rocky shore,
Dash'd with the rage of the tempest'ous storm,
And loud the turb'lent, foamy waves did roar,
While Nature gloried in her awful form.
Amidst this jarring, elemental strife,
Fate forc'd me thro' the wide world to roam,
Now to commence the pilgrimage of life,—
T' encounter perils never known at home.

II.

Leaving the guidance of parental care,
I wander thro' a world of subtle guile,
Experience only teaching to beware,
As at my loss a cruel world would smile.

Scarce was I left to pilot my own bark,
When, with the tide of youth's impetuous stream,
I found me hurried to a world so dark,
That all appear'd as some illusive dream.

III.

Envelop'd quite from ev'ry glimpse of light;
I toss'd, unminded, o'er this per'lous sea:
And prudence left me with malev'lent flight,
To guard myself 'gainst the Rock, Misery.
But soon—too soon—my Bark began to leak,
Nor could my weight she longer well support;
At length she founder'd on a coast so bleak,
That I in vain might seek a safe resort.

IV.

I had not wander'd far along the coast,
When, on my way, a human form appear'd;
But I in human weakness was so lost,
I'd silence break, yet still to speak I fear'd.
While undetermin'd and in deep suspense,
I now was close in comp'ny with the man:
He to punctilios made no pretence;—
But, turning tow'rds his home he thus began.

V.

“ I judge, young man, that thou a stranger art,
Driv’n here by the relentless tide of youth ;
Nor shall I let you from this Isle depart
Till I instruct you in a dear-bought truth.
This coat which hangs upon my back so loose,
This vest—which round my body twice would go—
I yet would fill were’t not the sad abuse,
Inflicted by Simplicity and Woe.

VI.

“ Legitimately I’m the born child
Of Wealth, who early lost all love for me ;
And by Adoption I have been beguil’d
To be the son and heir of Poverty :
Sad heirship ! In complexity of form—
Th’ inheritance I hold none else could bear,
Of pride, of malice, of contempt and scorn
I am the victim—no one sheds a tear.

VII.

“ The annual wheel of time hath circumvolv’d
Full forty times, since folly brought me here ;
And in that time I’ve been as oft resolv’d
To bind with fate, but fate was bound by fear.

Yet tho' I've split upon this fatal rock,
I grieve much more for your state than my own—
I know the bitterness of every shock
Which threatens you, but which, with me, is gone.

VIII.

“ Existence I no longer can sustain—
Ev'n time says I have suffer'd here too long—
And Malice, Pride, and Slander must refrain
From wounding farther with their pois'nous tongue.
Dear-purchas'd knowledge thus enables me,
To caution you against a world of woe,
From which tho' I myself was ne'er quite free,
I found Simplicity my chiefest foe.

IX.

“ So long as Wealth had mark'd me as his son,
I was the favorite of ev'ry tribe;
Misfortune saw me frequently atone
For her misdoings to some rapacious Scribe
Pale sickness too, when often couch-confin'd,
By some rheumatic, or some phrensy fever,
I have reliev'd, when all her efforts join'd,
Could not her from the greedy Quack deliver.

X.

“ And Poverty, in countless ragged forms,
By all Adversity’s demands beset,
Oft crav’d my shelter from relentless storms
Inflicted by the austerity of Fate.
Nor were these plaints in *deafness* ever *heard*;
My willing hand, subservient to my soul,
Hath oft, with inward joy, these ills repair’d;
Nor durst one narrow thought the act control.

XI.

“ Thus have I often, for a time, combin’d,
These two relations—yet conflicting friends—
And thought, indeed, that none could have repin’d
To see Relief make sad Distress amends.
These acts, benevolent, I oft had done,
When powerful Envy mark’d me as a prey,
And most perfidiously her object won,
And, ’fore their time, these grief-worn locks left gray.

XII.

“ Ingratitude and Spleen join’d the cabal,
And Pride and Malice in the scheme united,
And black Hypocrisy, the worst of all,
These kindly acts, as failings now recited,

Of former friends I found me quite bereft,
Except a few—and better they were gone—
Simplicity and Charity still were left—
Malignant Envy saw me now undone.

XIII.

“ Ev’n Poverty, who saw declining power,
Came forward, and proclaim’d me as her son,
And hurl’d me down from Dives’ highest tower,
Garb’d in the sad cadav’rous state I’m in.
Guard ’gainst such hard calamities of fate—
Till safe yourself, attempt none else to raise;
And when the storms of this rude sea abate
Have Care and Prudence to direct your ways.

XIV.

“ And when you reach the mild pacific tide,
With honest Worth and Wisdom there unite,
With them and their associates abide—
Still think on mine—myself you cannot slight;
For, long before you reach the wish’d for shore,
My injur’d soul shall feel no longer pain;
Nor shall I feel, excruciating, more,
The shafts of Pride, of Malice or Disdain.”

XV.

Being thus advis'd, Necessity my friend,
I re-embark'd, had for my Pilot, Care,
Then Fortitude its dauntless aid did lend,
And Hope surmounted ev'ry threatening snare.
I soon was plac'd upon the stilly tide—
To worldly Worth, and worldly Wisdom, now,
To Tyranny and supercilious Pride
Of friendship I made an eternal vow.

XVI.

Poverty's offspring, now, I could oppress,
By being deaf to ev'ry cry of woe;
And lending nothing to her friend Distress,
The world's wisdom hence, I came to know.
Narrow of soul, and of contracted mind,
I liv'd with Avarice and Pomp and Ease;
And, too well known, I never now could find
That poor Distress my sympathy could teaze.

XVII.

In Church Hypocrisy did next advise,
That I'd evince my wounded sense of woe,
By placing Bounty in a proper guise,
In which the Congregation must it know.

I might indeed the appetites appease,
Of some poor starving fam'ly at my door;
But, in this way, from Famine to release,
Could not be known to half the country o'er.

XVIII.

These and such dictates of a heart of stone,
Implicitly I all obey'd, as best,—
Despis'd the thought that I should e'er atone
For them, till whelm'd with the powerful test.
When counting o'er the hoards I now possess'd—
Proportioning, with them, farther years of joy,
Strict Conscience came, and quickly me assess'd,
With crimes encumber'd with the worst alloy.

XIX.

Then sickness came, with just, determin'd aim,
My each licentious appetite to ruin,
And, as Death's harbinger, held in disdain,
My proffer'd bribes to save me from undoing.
Grim Death star'd wildly at me as I lay,
Nor could I any palliation make:
He show'd a list which made a sad display
Of starving hosts, he slew for Mercy's sake.

XX.

Orphans and Widows which I spurn'd to serve,—
Wretched Debtors who vainly craved relief:
And poor Old age who came with palsied nerve—
To all which sorrows I gave no belief.
In this black catalogue of sad distress,
I found myself by Horror now arraign'd—
Affrighted conscience did me sore oppress,
Nor could I hope the violence restrain'd.

XXI.

Such were my wretched overtures of life,
To lay before the righteous Throne of Heaven—
Judge of my inward feelings, the hard strife—
To find how such a wretch could be forgiven.
Tho' thousands cheat in Poverty's attire,
Be that not the criterion to decide—
Let not deceitful Malice e'er aspire
To cause distress which no man can abide.

XXII.

Nor stigmatize the man of gen'rous mind
With being poor, tho' Fate th' aspersion prove,
'Twas too much goodness—rarely so refin'd—
In Heav'n's sight a frater-feeling love.

Who can behold a fellow-being starve?
And see him trembling, wanting an abode?
The wrath of Heav'n shall lie in close reserve
For he, who saw, unmov'd, affliction's rod,
Starve his own equal—starve a child of God.

L I N E S

*On viewing the Tombstone of the late D. M'N——
Esq. Inveraray.*

I.

BEHOLD this Tomb, and o'er it shed a tear—
The Monument informs you of the name—
His heart of kindness makes his mem'ry dear;—
For gen'rous actions were his dearest fame.

II.

His knowledge, learning, genius, all profound,
This side the grave, his diffidence obscur'd—
Successless worth lies mould'ring in the ground—
None of his worth this tablet can afford.

III.

Suffice it, then, to know—it is enough—
That quite regardless of terrestrial pelf,
His mind despis'd the sordid miser's stuff,
He all-befriended much more than himself.

IV.

Nor dare this seeming folly stigmatize;—
For too much kindness is a gift from Heaven:—
Let it a stain seem in the miser's eyes—
What better tribute is to mem'ry given.

LINES

On finding a Bird in a Trap.—8th February.

AND have they caught thee, chirping thing!
And stopt thy clarion voice to sing
 In notes of Nature's own?
Depriv'd of thy small food awhile,
They 'lur'd thee with their subtle guile—
 Thy liberty is gone!

With simple instinct thy best friend,
By Nature's law you acted;
But base deceit is their sole end,
And human art has back'd it.

But here to sigh and then to die,
Thou shalt not yet be left—
I'll let thee fly to soar on high—
Thy first and nat'r'al gift.

Like thee, 'mongst us, are those of man,
Who Nature's precepts mildly scan,
Laid victim's first to woe:
The world, to them, is like themselves—
They dread no artful, guileful elves—
They nothing guileful know.

Allur'd by some insidious snare;
Man oft is led to ruin;
For cunning art and subtle care,
Are honesty's undoing.

If good the mind, if ever kind—
More happy is his end—
Tho' zealots find, he's far behind,
They, more than he, must mend.

Then ev'n tho' Poverty's distress,
Should mercilessly thee oppress—

Bear much before you yield;
For, to your hard, untimely lore,
Some tyrant may unfold his store,

Aware you want a shield.
And then he is your foe or friend,
Just as his aims require—
Then, as his slave, you must attend,
To what he may desire.

Remember still, thine own free will,
Of all bliss, is the best—
Thy body's ill ev'n scarcely still
T' impede thy mental rest.

VERSES

*On finding a dead Redbreast which apparently had
expired from the intensity of the Winter.*

AH! hapless victim of the piercing north,
Whose rude, sharp wind, hath chill'd thy little heart;
Whose blasts have ceas'd thy melody henceforth,
And forc'd thee from thy woodland joys to part.

No more thy notes shall now our valleys cheer;
Nor to its plaints thy mate your echo know—
Nor we thy visits have at closing year,
Which wonted were when shunning drifts snow.

No more the snow-capt perch wilt thou adorn,
Where, fondly, oft we view'd thy scarlet crest:
No more thou'l't shun the wint'ry ruthless storm—
Beyond its influence thou ly'st in rest.

Yet little Redbreast! since in rest thou ly'st,
I will not see thy lifeless body toss'd—
Thy hapless mate, perchance, around thee fly'st—
Sighing for thee—to her, for ever lost.

Here, in this little tomb, thy last remains,
To one eternal rest, I now consign :
Would, I myself were free from certain pains,
Fearing a future demise worse than thine.

Thy short career, sweet innocent ! is o'er—
It is not so with Nature's mortal man :
An immortality he dreads still more ;
Nor dare attempt God's future works to scan .

But why this here ?—Thy obsequies fulfill'd,
A stone, unletter'd, I'll place o'er thine urn—
The Epitaph's within my breast instill'd—
“ Here Innocence to Nature did return.”—

VERSES

*On hearing of the demise of a Young Friend, who Died
in the West Indies.*

AND Peter's gone ! sad, sad's the tale !
Sweet Aray ! long his fate bewail :
Thy children too, they cannot fail
For him to mourn—
He left thy shore with gentle gale
Ne'er to return.

Oft by sweet Lochfine's cheering shore,
In youthful, happiest, days of yore,
We've wand'red, rhyming o'er and o'er
Some fav'rite strain,
From Burns, Akenside, or Moore,—
Ne'er so again !

For rigid fate did soon incline
That he should cross th' Atlantic line,
O'er to that dread Hisperian clime—
European grave!
There may Physicians' powers combine
In vain to save.

Insatiate death, who long hath striv'n
To see the best from this life driv'n,
The mortal stroke, at last, hath giv'n,
And's laid him 'neath;
But why speak thus? 'twas righteous Heav'n
Alone—not Death.

In peace, far in the torrid West,
He lies in sweet and sacred rest:
Kind Heav'n gave its high behest
That he should be
From worldly cares that pain the breast,
Henceforward free.

There, with no friends his eyes to close,
Save Indian slaves and such as those,
He took his last and long repose

On distant shore;
Where Relatives, nor Friends, nor Foes
Can see him more.

And wherefore we his friends thus grieve
That he behind him should us leave?
Before to-morrow's hast'ning eve,
We, too, may die:
What man so vain as Death deceive?
Or Heav'n defy?

Farewell! ye days of bliss, now gone—
Cheerless, I'll wander now upon
Sweet Aray's Banks, and mourn, alone,
His early doom:
Taught, lasting joy is found for none,
This side the tomb.

Farewell! farewell! thou friend sincere!
The change will cause thy soul no fear—
The laws of Heav'n thou didst revere,
And fear'd thy God.

On earth thou'st finish'd thy career,
And left thy friends to part a tear;
Whilst now a pure celestial sphere
Is thine abode.

THE EPITAPH.

No marble tablet marks the early doom,
Of him, who mouldereth in a foreign tomb:
No friend nor kindred the same grave doth share,
Nor friend nor kindred o'er it shed a tear.
Here with his breth'ren of a foreign clime,
His body mingles, whilst his soul divine
Unites with hosts of heav'nly friends above;
Awaiting those on earth who bore his love.

THE DYING SINNER.

“ Yet what’s disgrace with man? — If God
Who knows the heart, looks with complacence down
Upon the struggling victim, and beholds
Repentance bursting from the earth-bent eye,
And Faith’s red cross held closely to the breast.” — DODD.

AWAKE, awake! my drooping soul!
The vital spark draws to a close,
And thou must quit this earthly goal—
But whither fly’st thou for repose?
My wildest sins now overtake
Me, and harrass my guilty breast:
Forgiving Saviour! don’t forsake
Me in the day of sacred rest.

My struggling Spirit 'parts perturb'd,
Guardian Angels! guide its way—
Convuls'd with guilt—with sin disturb'd,
It dreads the dreadful judgment day.
Spasmodic, see this body rise,—
What crimes on crimes the qualms attest!
Plead mercy, Angels! in the skies,
T' obtain my spirit sacred rest.

It goes, it goes! my spirit goes!
A moment yet, it stings my heart;
It finds within me no repose,—
It lingers, fearing to depart.
Save that of guilt, all mem'ry's gone—
With that reflection—how oppress'd—
Ye Angels! with your pray'rs atone
And gain my spirit sacred rest.

Cease, vital spark that yet remains!
To raise such visions to my mind;
I shrink with guilt and dying pains,
And fear to turn one thought behind.
Oh! haste this last—this dreadful scene!
In mercy ease a soul distress'd!
Oh Father! make its change serene
At last, and give it sacred rest.

The agonizing gasps of death
Proclaim the sentence—I must die,
Ah! scarcely left enough of breath
To heave one penitential sigh.
Celestial Father, oh receive
My wand'ring soul—sin-worn—oppress'd ;
Thy power alone can now relieve
It, and obtain it sacred rest.

Oh! yet returning! not yet fled !
My trembling, agitated soul!
Dread'st thou the regions of the dead ?
Or Death, or Sin, or Hell's control ?
Oh, Saviour of the world! implore
Forgiveness for my guilt confess'd ;
And give me, when the spark is o'er,
Oh give me, give me, sacred rest.

'Tis gone, my spirit now is gone,
And leaves a loathsome corse behind—
On Earth, ye Saints! its race is run,
In Heav'n, oh may it mercy find.
Before it quits this drear abode,
May I yet sooth this troubled breast ;
And dare to supplicate my God,
To give my spirit sacred rest.

'Tis fled—for ever, ever fled !
It flieh in regions dark, unknown ;
And's quit this dreary languid bed,
But whither, whither has it flown ?
Accusing Angels ! oh forbear—
In sorrow were the crimes confess'd,
Father of Mercy ! I in fear
Implore thy peace and sacred rest.

GIACO,

A TALE.

“ People are often rewarded for their fidelity when they least expect it.”

WHILE at Loretto, “ Dost thou know me?”

Ask’d a poor Franciscan Friar:
“ I do,” said I, “ and what I owe thee,
“ Shall not now from me transpire.”

Well I remember’d the Banditti
Which brought us to their lawless chief,
Who for our suff’rings felt no pity,
Who, (save Giaco), all were deaf.

He sav’d me for my honest candour—
I told him that I was his foe,
And for my fellow-troops did wander—
Troops station’d on yon mountain’s brow.

With this the fierce Giaco led us,
Out from the more fierce colleague's cave—
Our secrecy, he said, would aid us—
My hand a pledge for it I gave.

My faith till now I ne'er could show him;
For the Marauders soon were found—
Thus garb'd, I feign'd, I did not know him,
And kept the secret I was bound.

To show my fervency to silence,
I for his Convent something gave.—
He whisper'd, "Sir, from deadly violence,
" This faithfulness your life shall save."

Quite mindless of the Friar's prediction,
And glad to see him hence depart,
I thought but on the strange perfection,
To which he'd brought the Robbers' art.

With closing day we then departed,
Tho' of him hazards well foretold;
None, save our Driver, seem'd faint-hearted;
But double wages made him bold.

At times, with phlegm, we thought him banter,
But as to chiding still forbore;—
Again he gave a furious canter,
As if he'd ride the world o'er.

Now slow—now quick—again more slowly—
At length he roar'd with hideous howl,
“ Oh! holy Virgin! holy! holy!
“ Receive my wicked, sinful soul.”

Scarce were our 'larms well awaken,
When, crash, went in the coach's door;
Then quick by ruffians we were taken,
And brac'd with shackles o'er and o'er.

Enclos'd within a cell of horror—
We hear, without, infernal strife;
But think on our augmented terror—
They plann'd some savage end of life.

Four men with sharp, blood-smear'd stilettoes,
With dim-lights entered our cell;
And then a Hermit came to let us
Confess, and save our souls from Hell.

He first commenc'd with the Postillion—
Already agoniz'd to death—
Who would of sins confess ten million,
Nay! who'd, for life, deny his faith.

But, finish'd now, he saw suspended,
The fierce Barbarian's bloody hands—
When, lo! with noise the cav'rn rended
Which caused them halt with the commands.

Bolts and iron bars were shifted—
Tumult encreas'd from door to door—
My heart was speedily uplifted—
I saw a face I knew before.

Giacò, Chief of this Banditti
Commanded all his Band to hear,
“ The one who dares refuse his pity,
“ Shall likewise dare to think I fear.

“ Down with thy Daggers, Imbecility!
“ And cease to think you conquer here—
“ For see, before you, pure Fidelity;
“ More deserving of your care.”

Again thus rescued by Giaco,
My vow I offer'd to renew:
He said, "you shall not by Saint Jago!
"Enough, to me,—your words are true,"

He led us to the outward winding—
Restor'd all to my friend and me,
Then told us, e'er to bear in minding,
"That sacred good—Fidelity."

COTTAGE FELICITY.

OH! how I envy the poor Peasant's lot!
And all the happiness within his cot:
Inur'd is he to stand the worst assault
Of all the smoke which his house may contain,
And all the torrents of unpleasant rain
Which pour down through, yet not from any fault,—
A central hole upon the roof is made
Many an useless cost to supersede.

None but the Peasant the great use can know
Of that top hole to the small holes below;
It gives some light to unpartition'd garrets—
It slow vent gives to smoke, without alarm
Of leaving none to keep the inmates warm,
Whilst there they sit at night and chat like parrots.
This hole and some below, offend—to wit—
They quite defraud th' ingenious William Pitt.

The Lintel of the door so low is made,
That, stepping in, you risk a fractur'd head;

 But when he enters, he politely bows—
Besides, a small door keeps his cot more snug,
And moving't, too, he needs but gently tug,
 Whilst a huge door with more huge labour goes.
No painted doors—the reason's clear enough;
For paint is useless where the wood is rough.

These Pillars, too, of no Corinthian form,
Are not plac'd there their houses to adorn:

 To you they seem superfluous clumsy logs;
But such they are not—they preserve their heads
From threat'ning rafters; nay, they're stoops of beds
 For Men and Women, Children, Cats and Dogs;
And when kind Nature her fat braxy deals,
Upon these Posts dead Sheep hang by the heels.

Blest be thy Beds—where slumber seldom fails!
Each one of which, in comfort, heads and tails,

 Will hold a dozen of you in a group,
Pack'd as snug and well as Lochfyne herring,
Where ye may take the head or foot, unerring,
 Nor dread the risk of tykings tight'ning-rope—

On no such trifles are your weights suspended,
Four-inch deal-bottoms seldom need be mended.

Their wooden cogs, nor is it very rare,
Serve them for china, crystal, earthen-ware,
For here no superfluities abound,
While thankless Gentry would have twenty dishes,
Some roasted beef, to hold, and some boil'd fishes,
Here send them—on one dish they'll all be found,—
Lo! eggs and ham, pork, herring, bread and cheese,
All on one trencher might a monarch please.

I hail thee, Ignorance! thou sire of Sense!
Thou great economist of all expense!
Thou foe to ev'ry due that's paid at school,
Why lose thy time and cash upon such stuff?
Knowing thy herds and flocks thou know'st enough;
So thou art wise, and the wise man a fool.
Theology and Politics, indeed,
May suit a Bishop's or a Statesman's head.

What tho' the Heads of Churches raise a quarrel,
And some fat Bishop's at the Papist's snarl?

And raise in Parliament a loud uproar,
'Bout rights and privileges, and what not—
For which they're like to fight, and oft have fought—

I wish,—to plague them they had nothing more.
They'll soon create themselves some worse disaster,
And threatening evils, bring upon them faster.

What tho' in wars all Europe be engaged,
And Emperors and Kings be quite enraged?

Let them fight on, I'll mind my own affairs.
More would I grieve in the death of my dog,
Than I'd for thousands dead's my last year's hog—

I stand my own fate—and let them stand theirs,
If Soldiers be content to kill and wound,
Let war be theirs, and theirs the cannon sound.

Peace to the Cotter and his peaceful mind!

Long may tranquillity he wisely find—

Long may frugality economise
Th' expenditure of his neat humble hut,
Where Scarcity tells where all things are put,

Without harrassing Memory or eyes,—

Long may your Dogs protect your peaceful homes
By threat'ning danger when a stranger comes.

Farewell, ye scenes with love so truly blest—
Where mutual love prevails 'tween man and beast.
'Tis thus that ye domestic safety find,
Where ev'ry Cat and Cock and Hen and Hog,
And ev'ry Man and Woman, Child and Dog,
With heart and soul defensive are combin'd,—
Maintain tranquillity, ye Sons of Peace,
Nor let the mutual love of Subjects cease.

FILTHUS AND FLAMIRA.

FLAMIRA held the honours of the byre,
And to her herds oft tun'd the vocal lyre:—
Each distant hawkie her shrill notes could tell,
As quick as footmen do his Lordship's bell:
The calves, the stirks, the cows, the very bull
Strove to show most obesience to her will,
Nor light'nings flash, nor thunders roaring round,
Could make them scud more swiftly o'er the ground—
And as they ran, they threw their heels on high,
To show the maid their undisguised joy.

Cupid, who's seldom little more than civil,—
Who works incessant, some mischievous evil—
Cupid, that little, cunning, wily rogue,
Who 'mong the heathens styles himself a god,

Heard sweet Flamira tune her ev'ning song,
To tranquillize the rowting of her throng;
And, being weary now of Lords and cits,
He comes to humbler folk to show his wits.
That he his object might the better gain,
He came *incog.* in shape of country swain:
No thought of love as yet had touch'd this maid;
Nor had one thought of Hymen struck her head—
Flamira, senseless, till this hour, to love,
At sight of him felt every heart-string move.
Cupid, to act complete his subtle part,
A pitch-fork us'd to pierce the maiden's heart—
He put it to each purpose of the byre—
He set Flamira's heart and soul on fire.
Had the young urchin us'd his wonted dart,
He never could have made her feel the smart:—
But well he knew the magic of the trick,
The pitch-fork stung Flamira to the quick:
She look'd at Cupid—then at the cow's tail—
She thought upon the fork—upset the pail—
While quite confus'd at what she'd seen and done,
The god of Love escap'd full of the fun;
And his departure quick to Venus made,
To meet the goddess in a neighb'ring shade.
Well pleas'd with what the subtle god had done,
And how, disguis'd, Flamira's heart he won,

The mirthful Venus took it in her head,
That she should now, in shape of country maid,
Attack the feelings of some rustic swain,
And for Flamira a true Cupid gain.

She laid a scheme,—according to the fable,
She found that Filthus labour'd in a stable,
So as he clean'd his horses in the morn,
The cunning Venus stole a sheaf of corn—
She threw the sheaf, it rustled o'er his head,
'Twas as by magic, in the manger laid—
The action struck his senses with surprise—
He next on Venus threw his wond'ring eyes.—
Ye gods, and demi-gods of mighty Jove!
Did e'er you see such strange effects of Love!
In rapt'rous joy the astonish'd Filthus wept,
To find a nymph 'bout horses so adept—
He star'd at Venus, and her rustic charms,
Her cheeks of scarlet, and her beefy arms—
Her two thick legs, so fat, so plump, so fair—
Who'd not for Filthus feel? those legs were bare:
In rustic grace no towns-maid could defy her—
Ye powers of Fate! how Filthus did envy her.

The goddess saw the youth in rev'rie lost,
In thoughts of what he fear'd he ne'er could boast;

But having won him over to her ends,
She for Flamira's loss now makes amends.—
She told the swain to meet her in that byre
In which Flamira's love was set on fire.
Straightway th' enamour'd youth repair'd with joy,
An d in a trice Flamira saw her boy.—
They hugg'd each other in the arms of love,
As fain each would, before, the child of Jove.

L I N E S

*On seeing a person impose a noise upon a Company by
way of Music.*

LORD Sir! if ye just heard yoursel',
I' the midst of this your frightful bawling,
Ye wadna sing wi' sic a yell,
Nor deave us a' wi' downright squalling.

My curse on thy stentorian lungs:
Sic eldritch screechs—sic rowting hollow—
When Nature made such throats and tongues,
She meant to mortify Apollo.

Ha'd down your hands—keep still your head—
Awa' wi' a' thae airs and graces;—
And 'stead o' gazing far abroad,
Shut up your mouth, and hide sic faces.

Na, faith! it's no quite over yet!
Altho' the very rafters dirl,
You'll stretch a point, as loud's your fit,
To treat us wi' an Indian skirl.

Likely, just now, we hear your best,
And, softly done, 'twere no vexation;
But do not roar as 'twere your last,
Or meant to gain your soul salvation.

We scarcely know the song you sing,
Ye drown the tune wi' sic a roar;
But this I know, our ears ring,
And trust, good Sir! ye'll sing no more.

CLERICAL ENTHUSIASM.

Written in August, 1824.

AT this period, the ardour of Itinerant Preachers was certainly sufficient to arouse the honest people of Inveraray from any lethargic feelings. Besides the two Sermons delivered by the Reverend Clergymen of the Town, it was nothing unusual to have three additional Discourses from some pious Missionary.

OUR frequent Preachings on the public ways,
Exemplify the apostolic days;
And Saint Paul's indefatigable zeal,
Could scarce his modern Disciples' excel;
For from the very dawning of the day
Till night, our Preachers gospel truths display.

Thus Aray's folk, before the morn is clear,
Devout, must to the Av'nue* gate repair,

* The place where these exercises are generally performed.

And full as soon's the Clock announceth seven,
Then souls must march by Scarbro' up to Heaven,
And back again, perhaps a little faster,
By Dublin, Dundee, Bangor, or Lancaster;
And there, awhile, their pious selves regale,
In list'ning to some Prophets sacred tale.
Then, with their mouths the extremes downward screw'd,
A certain Index that the heart is good,
They homeward go, absorb'd in holy rapture,
Afraid of sinning in a breakfast capture.
Poor souls! their abdomens I pity much,—
Concave in form, instead of being convex.
Lord! if religion's to come forth of hunger;
Or, oh ye saints! if there be guilt in anger,
I marvel how they're to be reconcil'd,—
A craving stomach, and a temper mild.
His empty inwards made Esau uneasy,
But some folk say, that Isaac's heir was lazy:
That 'fore he would 'bout pottage plague his head,
He gave his birth-right for some ready made.

Ye Devotees of the Itin'rant tribe—
Deceitful Pharasee, or wicked Scribe:
Say, if the doctrine good instruction yield,
Whether 'tis better in a house or field?

Whether the soul does not remain as free,
Within the Temple as beneath a Tree?
Why! if the Sermon's good, what makes it odd,
That it's deliver'd in the house of God?
Do decent vestments, Sir, abridge the sense?
If so, I grant you'r right to take offence;
But still I scarcely think a piece of Lawn
Deteriorates the intellect of man:
Or that a surplice and a piece of gauze,
Misfits the expounders of the Sacred Laws;
But, let me cease—let wiser heads decide,
And by their own decision then abide.

But, may I beg, good souls! to sympathize
With you, the hardship which this mode implies;
To see gray heads—heads as Elisha's, bare,
Expos'd two hours to the inclement air,
May make the Ladies bless the law that made
Them e'en at pray'rs keep bonnets on the head:
Oh mollient Churchmen! that in your Archives,
Engrav'd such Statutes for your tender wives;
And, kind, the priv'lege gave to all the sex,
Which passeth now for e'er *Naturæ Lex*:
To woman, nothing—'tis worse than death to man
To say a pray'r hat-on, or think of one.

Oh John! I pray thee, what would be thy fate,
If thou hadst ne'er attended at the gate:
And penitential too, and shiv'ring cold,
Hadst not been there to hear your follies told?
Or had not there made ample sacrifice,
To rain and wind to purify your vice?
You apprehend, perhaps, that left alone,
Your ignorance might for the sin atone;
But, then, your conscience must not lye at ease,
And you to Heav'n go when and as you please;
No, no, the truth is now to you reveal'd,
And conscience, John, must march you to the field;
There worship, and your orisons there give,
If you expect hereafter, John, to live:
No slated canopy,—no stone-made wall
Can intercept the sacred sounds you bawl:
Roar, with your eyes directed towards heaven,
And there's a chance that you may be forgiven.

Our learned townsmen, worthy Pastors each,
With eloquence may in the Pulpit preach,
And thro' the Scripture-mysteries explore,
Whilst half the audience snug in boxes snore;
But then the votaries of out-field Priests,
Content themselves 'mong Nature's Birds and Beasts;

Submitting quietly to tormenting Gnats,
And to the horrid noise of wanton Cats;
Nor seek a seat, but patiently fag,
Like geese, alternately upon each leg.
Or should the wind with an untimely gust,
Blindfold the hearers with a cloud of dust,
They wait, till by and by a show'ring tears,
The gravel from their eye-lets downward bears.

Ye friends to the Itin'rant Priests attend,
And bless the Steam that wafts them to your land.
In days of yore, you scarcely e'er could boast
To have a zealous Preacher on your coast:
Accept them now, yourselves fit to a hair,
A harmless Lambkin, or a roaring Bear;
Walk with the first by pleasant waters' streams,
He'll innocently talk of Pharoah's dreams:
And may-be, speak of Abel's guiltless blood:
Of Noah also, and of Noah's flood.
But if you wish to view the fiery Lake,
Then with the louder Priest the journey take,
The sight must make the greatest sinner fear,
And stop him in his impious career.—
Fiends and every tribe of carnal beast
Broiling in Brimstone, Satan's chiefest feast.

Don't go too near—'twould give the Devil fun,
To tempt you at the gate, and haul you in.
Thus the variety and thus the fate—
Repent, repent, before it be too late,
And 'ware you do not fall into the lurch,
As soon in open fields as in the church.

OUTLINES.

SOME, knowingly, can feign an artless smile,
And, Judas-like, promote their ends the while;
Make selfish motives seem a simple whim,
Conceal their depth of thought,—the surface skim.
Their easy, plain, affirmitative tone,
Abstracts your thoughts to aid them in their own;
Some mollient words, like grain on bird-lime set,
Entangles you within the subtle net;
And tho' they work your ruin, still they're kind,
As we to birds, to suit them to our mind,
Such *faith* as ancient Carthage once could boast,
Tho' banish'd Carthage, finds a Celtic coast:
The fiend Deceit hath quit his Stygian cell,
And in a Scottish Village now doth dwell,
Tho' snarling Zoilius should again appear,
His equal he would find in Hermon here,
Tho' Haman should his dormitory quit,
His soul no greater envy could emit.

Young Hermon, in the sweetness of a smile,
Conceals a heart fraught with the blackest wile:
Take but the face—there's there so little harm,
You'd think he'd grieve to trample on a worm;
Or, that so far from e'er offending God,
The soul of Hermon would not wound a toad;
I know him well, the lineaments can trace
Which Nature, angry, 'grav'd upon his face:
Dissect the heart, and in that heart you'll find
The blackest tap'stry ever artist lin'd,
As yet an etching, not yet wrought to form,
Its threatening darkness indicates a storm;
A sullen, dim, and dark chaotic mass,
Obscures all feeling from his heart of brass.
There, faces diabolically trac'd,
Like those in Jewish hangings scourging Christ.
His soul for mirth, if mirth it could invent,
Would paint a Dæmon torturing a Saint:
The noble Roman self-exil'd from Rome,
Now suffering his voluntary doom:
Who gave his life, to vindicate the truth,
And as a ransom for his Country's youth
Would, in these sufferings, Hermon's mind amuse,
As so doth every barbarous abuse.
Lucretia's suicide to him appears,
And Pompey's murder, music to his ears.

Why marvel, then, a wretch with such a mind,
Should so malign his breth'ren of mankind?
A brother he? 'tis only in the form—
A snake, a serpent, and a servile worm.

How great this Dæmon's joy, can he impede
Your welfare still and trample o'er your head:
His real ignorance, and want of sense
For modest learning goes, and diffidence:
The vulgar, stupid jokes which he may hit,
Pass with eclat as condescending wit:
With winning courtesy this hateful knave
Maintains the dignity to be a slave;
Maligns his betters, and in their dispraise,
Annihilates their ev'ry hope to raise.
Hint at a fault, he'll soon a scene unfold,
Yet seem to sympathise it must be told,
He cares not what the colouring may cost,
To have his victim's reputation lost.
Grieves at his errors, but still gives them dress'd,
And all his actions tells, except the best:
One better action mentioned in his praise,
He never knew nor heard it all his days,—
It might be so, to give Satan his due,
But other actions made it seem untrue.

These are the dictates of his narrow soul,
That spread contagion round their hateful goal:
These are his thoughts matur'd, that must corrode,
Before they quit their stagnated abode.
This is the wretch whose heart finds no repose,
But in the bosom of another's woes:
A savage vulture, feather'd as a dove,
A heart of hatred and a face of love;
And haggard malice in a peaceful nest
Is hatch'd beneath his smooth envenom'd breast.
And as the infant thoughts themselves disclose,
They're nurtur'd in the mind from which they rose;
From whence they issue, let it not surprise,
Instructed well in ev'ry sort of Vice.
Wretch! some world may yet reflect in thee,
A victim to the worst hypocrisy:
The author of thy sufferings unknown,
Shall, in this act, exemplify thine own;
Then may'st thou think upon thy black deceit,
Which often chang'd the very words of fate;
And which while oozing thro' thy vip'rish crest,
Hath, with its poison, smote thy victim's breast:
But hold, my pen! the day is drawing near,
The fiend shall suffer in his own career,
And feel excruciating more and more,
Those pangs which others often for him bore.

- CULINARY OBSERVATIONS,

ADDRESSED OT A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

HEAV'N defend us! why these saucy looks!—
That thumb-mark on the dish is not the Cook's!
And though it were, it would be little harm,
She even paw'd the meat 'fore it was warm.
The little Scullion, as had been compacted,
For the young Foot-boy had this one day acted:
The little Scullion did the heinous deed
To satiate a nat'r'l craving greed.
He saw the cutlet look so wondrous nice,
Deep sous'd in gravy—season'd well with spice—
Oh Lord! thinks he, I'll even of it taste—
The deed was equal with the thought—in haste;
For in the lobby, little time, you know,
Was left to try, if it was good or no—

So, to his longing mouth, the dish goes up,
He laps the gravy like a sucking pup.
His nose, in longitude too great, goes in,
And likewise his, as yet, unbearded chin.
The veal he, faithful to his trust, must try;
But in that instant for the veal they cry;
A bit, good Sir! with luckless mischief fraught,
Stuck for a while in the poor Scullion's throat:
He coughed it back into the dish, much shatter'd,
And thus it was the dish was so bespatter'd.
This small *faux pas* he strives as well's he's able,
To keep conceal'd from those around the table.—
He soon succeeds as well's he well could wish—
He sees the Parson pointing to that dish;—
He sees him get, and ready to devour
The bit which he had chew'd so well before—
The little greedy rogue, in hum'rous mood,
Smiles, pleas'd to hear the Parson call it good;
And as the Parson at the gravy quaffs,
The little Scullion turns about and laughs.

But can'st thou not into some corner creep,
And, quiet, at culinary matters peep?
And there explore with scrutinizing eye,
The various stages of an apple-pye.

According to the cook's Parisian word,
The fruit is carefully, first par'd and cor'd
Next to the fire—to stew, I b'lieve or boil,
And Betty to the pastry goes to toil.
The nasty Scullion, left to guard the pot,
Resolves to try the fruit before too hot.
He seizeth one—the bite his teeth benumbs—
The blood upon it, shows he's cut his gums.—
The vile, abominable, filthy brute,
Most villainously throweth back the fruit.

The paste, now to its right consistence brought,
By no ten fingers could be better wrought—
It would have done your very inwards good,
To've seen the manual working of this food.
How fine the paste, before t'was fit for use,
Did, with the butter, 'tween her fingers ooze.
And with the kneading and a pond'rous fire,
How Betty's face and arms did perspire.
Nay, laying all mendacity aside,
The sweet like dew-drops sweetly down did glide.—
Faithfully, Betty by no means could stay
To wipe the perspiration drops away;
Nor is this aught for which she needs atone—
It is a moisture which will poison none.

Besides, the fire, which purifieth all
The essence of the filth will render small.
Is this enough, young friend! thee to convince,
That from beefsteaks, to pies of fruit or mince;
'Tis better not to ask how they are made,
Lest you be told of more than lemonade,
No fav'rite dish attempt to analize,
For soon your palate shall that dish despise—
As well's the poor man, so the courtly flirt,
“ Must in her day devour a peck of dirt.”

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Ov. Met. Lib. I. 3.

IN pristine days, the world's golden age,
No subtle cares did mortals' minds engage:
Then, no avenger of an unjust cause;
For honesty was practis'd without laws:
No dread of punishment could men harrass;
No threat'ning words engraven were on brass;
No suppliant crowd then fac'd a serious judg e;
For men in safety ev'ry where might lodge.

The tall pine, glorying o'er its neighb'ring trees,
Yielding, majestic, with the vernal breeze,
Had not descended from the lofty steep;
Nor yet had plough'd the ocean's stormy deep:
To foreign worlds it yet remained unknown,
And mortals knew no country but their own.

No walls nor steep-made fosse their towns enclose—
All nations liv'd secure in soft repose:—
No dangers then the tranquil mind harrass—
No trumpets straight, nor horns of crooked brass;
No sword nor buckler, helmet, sling, nor shield;
No soldiers then their warlike weapons wield;
No foreign dangers call them from their home
To suffer in a Soldier's gory doom.

The earth, unharrow'd, by no ploughman's cut,
Did voluntar'ly mortals' food emit:
Men were content with wild fruits from the hill,
And berries growing by the passing rill,
Or acorns from the lofty tree of Jove,
Fall'n from the branches spreading high above.

The constant spring, the gentle zephyr, warm,
Without the seed, rear up the flowers to form:
The fields, without the oxen's heavy toil,
Raise crops to Ceres from the fertile soil:
Rivers of milk, and streams of nectar flow,
And honey from the green Oak drops below.

THE

KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA'S

ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK.

La Mancha's Knight now left the grove,
Continuing still to search and rove,
For more adventures and more fame,
To make magnanimous his name.
He at the river Ebro's sight,
Evine'd his wond'rous, great delight.
How eagerly the banks he would
Contemplate, of this passing flood!
The Ebro's smooth transparent water,
Afforded him abundant matter,
To feed his mind and cheer his soul,
With chim'ræ which met no control.

Yet still his mind would sometimes wave,
Again to Montesinos' cave;
For tho' the Ape of Master Peter,
Threw on this Tale a doubtful feature,
Don Quixote deem'd the Ape a thief,
That 'reft him of the firm belief,
Which all who heard its truth would give—
The truth of which would ever live.
Yet Sancho swore 'twas all a lie
And than believ'd would almost die.
He thought his credence wide enough,
When he believ'd such cursed stuff,
Could by enchantment e'en be made
To enter the great Quixote's head.
But lest the Knight disturb his rest,
Poor Panza kept his doubts suppress'd,
Sure if the Don such thoughts should hear,
He'd soon transfix him with a spear.
Thus jogging on—soon to their view
A bark appear'd without a crew,
Made quite secure upon the tide,
By some tree at the river's side.
Don Quixote look'd this way and that,
But saw no soul he could look at.
He then alighted from his steed,
And order'd Sancho to take heed

That both their beasts fast-tied should be
Instantly, to yon poplar tree.
To Sancho's soul, e'er full of fears,
Some unseen woe at once appears;
For former drubbings had now made
Him dread, the next would leave him dead.
“ What job has next the Devil sent,”
He cried, “ or to what curs'd intent
Does now your worship take the field,
And I, forsooth, to be your shield.
For still to you I give the fault
Of the wild Braywicker's assault,
The weight of whose weighty pitch-fork,
Upon my shoulders leaves its mark.”—
“ Silence, son Sancho! know this boat
Waits here to bear us both afloat—
I say, this princely barge or ark,
Waits here, that I may now embark,
And hasten to some injur'd Knight,
Whose unjust needs my powers invite.—
So inclemency obey thy Master,
Till he aights this sad disaster
Of chivalry, this is the spirit—
The supereminence of merit,
That the Enchanters when they please
Enchanted Errants to release;

Do not themselves cease their distress,
But trust solely to the prowess
Of some much favour'd, val'rous Knight,
Who, by the mystery of their might,
Is quickly wafted thro' the air
Ten thousand leagues, their foes to dare.”
God and the holy rock of France,
Guard Sancho Panza in this prance!—
“ This bark, oh Sancho! hence is brought,
That by my arm there may be wrought
Some glorious work or mighty deed,
As never crown'd an Errant's head.
Then quick—our animals make fast
Before the day be further past.”—
“ Then, since your worship is resolv'd,
At every turn to be involv'd
In some vagaries surely made
Thro' Satan's spite to turn my head,
It falls that I must just obey,
And with one of my proverbs say,
“ Leap at the commands of your Lord,
Then as a guest sit at his board;
But still my conscience I'll disload—
And say, this work portends no good,
By no enchantment is this boat,
I vow to God, kept here afloat:

She once belonged to Fishermen,
Who'll never see their boat again."

'Twas whilst he just the cattle tied,
That Panza this remonstrance cried,—
And being grieved to the soul,
He next began to sing and howl;
For sad, sad, was his grief of mind,
For the *bosom friend* he'd left behind.

"I tell thee banish all thy fear,"
Cried Quixote, "for the sage sincere,
Who marks our roads of longitude,
Will both our steeds provide with food."

"The beasts," said Sancho, "now are fix'd,
To what do we proceed to next?"

"To cross ourselves," replied the Knight,
"And thence with speed to take our flight,
Thro' distant regions yet unknown—
So cut the rope and let's be gone."

Thus said—the Knight then leap'd on board,
And Sancho followed quick his Lord,
When scarce two fathoms off the shore,
Sancho's heart was quaking sore,
In apprehensions he'd be lost,
Upon some wild and unknown coast;
But nothing could excite such pain,
As Dapple braying now in vain.

“ Farewell, thou dearest, best of friends,
'Tis for your Sancho thy heart rends,
Good bye! dear friends, so much belov'd,
From whom by madness we're remov'd,
Whose sweet and pleasant company,
Can't e'er be more enjoyed by me.
God send that all this frenzy yet,
May meet with some kind counterfeit,
And to your presence me restore,
From whence I'll never sever more.”
With this he next wept and complain'd,
When Quixote in a rage exclaim'd,—
“ Why dost thou fear and weep and pant?
Thou base, cowardly miscreant!
Who now molests you? grovelling louse!
Thou base soul of a garret-mouse!
What suff'rest thou? beggarly wretch!
Who 'midst abundance now doth stretch—
Dost thou peradventure now travel
Barefoot, Riphean mountains' gravel?
No! Archduke-like, on bench of down,
Unworthy wretch! we seek renown.
Convey'd thus softly down the tide,
We'll shortly dare the ocean wide:
Ev'n now we plough the open sea,
And near a thousand leagues must be,

From whence we our departure made,
Excluding ev'ry retrograde."

The Knight in this, his computation,
Display'd so much exaggeration,
Which Sancho knowing by his eyes—
He soon exclaimed in huge surprise,
'Fore God! Sir Knight! I scarce believe,
That thou can'st ever me deceive,
So much as that thou'l make me think,
We're five yards down the river's brink;
For thro' God's holy grace and will,
I see my much lov'd Dapple still,
Who, if he hears word of my death,
Will instantly yield his own breath.
Discoursing thus—they soon discover,
Some Mills erected on the river,
Which Quixote, soon as he perceiv'd,
His voice he thus to Sancho heav'd,—
" Behold, my friend, behold appear
Some Castle's lofty Turrets rear,
Or, peradventure, some great Town,
Our toils with success now to crown—
Whose walls doth now perchance oppress
Some Queen or Princess in distress,
To whose relief I'm hither come,
To see their enemies undone."

“ What now the devil mean you? Sire,
'Bout towns and castles,” cried the Squire,
“ These are but some Wheat grinding Mills,
Whose pond’rous works this river fills,
To whose large wheels if we be driv’n,
To Satan next we’ll both be giv’n.”—
“ Peace Sancho! I don’t marvel much,
That they appear to you as such,
'Tis in appearance alone
That they seem Mills,” replied the Don—
“ This is Dulcinea’s case you know,
Whose transformation is my woe—
Whose rescue being my only hope,
I view it through a microscope.”
As in this way the Knight did dream
The boat now center’d in the stream:
The Millers seeing her move faster,
And dreading much some sad disaster,
Came in a body from their holes—
To guard the bark with their long poles—
Their faces all be-powder’d white,
Did Sancho Panza much affright:
His heart with throbs was as much toss’d,
As if he’d seen the Devil’s ghost.
The Millers seeing their undoing,
Bawl’d out to mind where they were going.

When Quixote ey'd them with disdain,
Much louder still they did exclaim,
“ You'll soon be ground, you madmen elves,
If you guard not to save yourselves,
For, recollect our pond'rous wheel,
Will grind your carcases to meal.”

Don Quixote hearing this address,
To Sancho did himself express,
“ Did not I tell you that some harm,
Was, by the prowess of my arm,
Within these walls to be achiev'd,
And, by them, royalty to be reliev'd :
Behold, what fellows have come forth
To try my courage and my worth !
Behold, assassins, ghosts, and spectres,
Arraign'd to guard usurped sceptres !
Behold, I say, what horrid vizards,
In human form—satanic lizards !
Exerting to discourage me,
But what shall happen soon, you'll see.”
Then starting up he thus began,
“ Ye ruffians ! scoundrels ! dregs of man !
Ye ill-intention'd thieves of peace !
I charge you fully to release,

Whoe'er is in that Goal confin'd,
And to whatever rank destin'd,
Don Quixote, de la Mancha, call'd
Knight of the Lions now install'd,
Is he who now from you demands
These rights which Heav'n's plac'd in his hands,
To bring this 'venture to an end;
And lawless injuries amend."—
O Sancho! to eternity
Thy spirit quickly sent shall be.—
The Knight said not another word,
But next unsheathe'd an ancient sword,
Which high he brandish'd in the air,
Despising the poor Millers' care,
Who knowing not one word he said
Came out to lend them all their aid;
To turn the boat with poles, aside,
Which quickly to the mills did glide.
Sancho here began t' implore
Of Heav'n, to bring him to the shore.
He scarcely had his prayers said,
When his devotion was repaid;
For with a powerful, dext'rous thwack,
To push the boat a little back,
The man, in kindness them to save,
To both the Knight and Sancho gave

A ducking over head and ears,
Which render'd boundless Sancho's fears,
No wonder too,—he like a stone,
Sunk to the bottom, whilst the Don,
Tho' sinking sometimes, rose again,
Which made him still some life retain.
Poor Sancho's soul would soon have been
Ten thousand leagues from Ebro's stream,
Had not a man leap'd in the river,
His sinful body to recover,
And dragg'd him safely to the brink,
More drench'd than dead for want of drink.
The Squire now falling on his knees
Gave both his hands a mutual squeeze,
Then offer'd up his pray'rs to heav'n
For this deliv'rance to them giv'n,
Next pray'd that of such frantic projects,
They ne'er again should be the objects;
Or should the Knight indulge the whim,
Then henceforth might he keep from him.
Just as this fervent pray'r was out,
Up came the owners of the boat.
Now Sancho dreaded some sad evil,
From these wild agents of the Devil,
Nor were his fears quite ill founded;
For, seeing the wreck, they were confounded,

And without leave, would now attack
The Squire and clothes upon his back,
Had not the Knight with much good sense,
The diff'rence offer'd to compensate—
He'd pay all damage they'd sustain'd,
Provided those whom they detain'd
Within that castle in oppression,
Were offer'd instant, free egression,—
Cried one, who'd most uncourteous been,
“ What does the raving madman mean
By persons, castles, and such stuff,
Of which our boat can tell enough?”
“ Enough,” said Quixote in his mind,
“ I might as well speak to the wind—
Or in Arabia's desert preach,
As think such miscreants to teach
In any evil fated storm,
One noble action to perform.
In this adventure there must be
Enchanters, who conflict with me.”
This finish'd—next he caus'd the squire
To pay the sum of their desire;
“ 'Tis fifty rials, Sir,” they said,
Which with reluctance Sancho paid—
With “ oft I've heard our neighbour's care,
Hangs slightly by a single hair.”

And “ such another load as this
Will quickly all our stock dismiss.”—
The men at our two figures gazed,
And at them hugely were amazed.
The Millers to their mills were bent—
The Fishers to their cottage went—
The gallant Knight and Squire return’d,
To *friends* who much their absence mourn’d.—
So ended this affair so dark,
Th’ adventure of th’ enchanted bark.

EPITAPHS.

ON AN EXCESSIVELY LOQUACIOUS
AND QUICK-SPOKEN PERSON.

COME not too near—oh! pitying Stranger!
Towards poor Peter's grave,
For, if your ^{tim'rous,} there's some danger
The Inmate yet may rave.

No power but supernat'ral power,
Could such a gift defy,—
His ceaseless tongue ne'er slept before,
And can't yet silent lie.

A tongue ne'er yet hung in a head
So swift at prose or metre,—
Auld Nick! if ye a spokesman need,
For ony-sake mind Peter.

ON A LAME PERSON.

HERE lies auld Johnnie, now quite free
From every weary up and down;
Few had a greater share, than he,
In Country-village, or in Town.

Scarce could the chanticleer start,
When wi' thae cares John was opprest,
Death, gi'e him some sklent road apart,
If you've a mind to gi'e him rest.

ON A MISER.

HERE lies a ruinous heap of ashes,
That once pertained to a Miser;
He calls the sighs of none that passes,—
Than sigh for grief, he e'er was wiser.

ON THE

LATE CELEBRATED MR. SADDLER.

Written ex tempore on reading of his Death.

HERE dust of a famous Aeronaut lies,
Who often attempted to soar to the skies;—
Even Death got afraid, so oft had he striven,
And sent him, himself, up the short road to heaven.

Had Death but allowed him to take his balloon,
Up to the regions t'other side of the moon,
The Inhabitants above would assuredly stare,
To see Mr. Saddler's vehicle there.

SONGS.

FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT ON THE
DEPARTURE OF PRINCE CHARLES.AIR.—*Lord Montgomerie's Strathspey.*

FAREWELL, my Royal Prince! Farewell!
The boat rides at Lochnanach's shore;
Thy guides be Heaven and Locheil,
For Flora now can do no more.
For thee I'd dare the wildest storm,
And, heedless, too, the foamy wave;
Nor would I dread Death's gloomy form,
Could I my Royal Prince but save.

Thy faithful friends tho' hard pursued,
Shall bear the hardships they endure;
Ev'n death itself, they'll deem it good,
For thee, their Prince, what could they more?

The hoary Sire, his heath-born Son,
For thee, would teach the art of wars,
And glory, were thy battle won,
To meet him dying of the scars.

Glengarry's wilds no longer now
Can succour thee against thy Foes;
For England's ancient, broken vow,
On George's head thy crown bestows.
Yet tho' the voice condemns or saves,
And silence, now, must be our guide,
Our caverns, rocky dens, and caves,
Shall tell our hearts with thee abide.

Tho' now my Prince hath sought in vain
To gain his Father's righteous crown,
His subjects' hearts he doth retain,
And George but wears it with a frown.
Farewell!—my darling Prince,—farewell!
The boat waits at Lochnanach's shore;
Thy guides be Heaven and Lochiel—
MacDonald now can do no more.

EUGINE THE LUNATIC.

AIR.—*Lady Shaftesbury.*

OH! now December's chilly hoar
Spreads white frigidity all o'er,
And I, poor Eugine, feel it sore,
Bereft of house or home.

At intervals my frenzied brain
Retains me in a happy strain;
But when lost reason comes again,
More bitter is my doom.

I wander 'bout by day and night,
Regardless whether dark or light;
The world my derangement slight,
The pangs are all my own.

Oft in my poor be-crazed mind,
The youthful world amusement find,
Their cruel sport, I then deem kind,—
My madness takes it so.

But, oh! that fellow-mortal man,
Should see the giddy, youthful son,
In wretched suffering, make his fun,
And sport with cureless woe.

A glorious time shall shortly come,
When rising from an equal tomb,
The poor maniac finds a home,
To which they even must go.

Thus am I left tho' growing old,
Half starv'd with hunger,—starv'd with cold,
Nor can my sufferings be told—
None hearken to the tale.

My Brother, man of mortal clay,
Whose house can beds of down display,
Withholds from me a truss of straw
To shelter from the gale.

Then, oh! ye powers of all my woe!
Cease, quickly cease, to be my foe,
Or 'neath the cold sod lay me low,
Thus far my fate bewail.

NAPOLEON'S CANNON SOUNDED.

AIR.—*Bay of Biscay.*

NAPOLEON's cannon sounded
Along Corunna's shore:
The British Arms redounded
Under the gallant Moore:
When, from his crimson car,
Th' imperial God of War,
Bravely told
Britons bold,
Liberty to hold or die.

Invigorating valour,
Britannia's sons inspires;
Nor will her children fail her
The duty she requires:

N

To die, to kill, or wound—
Since no retreat is found—
See them wield
Britain's shield,
And their freedom hold—or die.

Napoleon's hosts attack them ;
They his attack withstand—
No legions they'd to back them,
To meet the matchless band ;
Yet still our dauntless corp,
And the great valiant Moore.—
Numbers small
Rather fall
Than in slavery to die.

The warlike god decided—
Napoleon gains the field;
Yet, as the god confided,
Our heroes would not yield.
He sees them in their gore—
He sees the dying Moore—
Rather graves
Than be slaves,
Fight for liberty and die.

Thus Britons, glorious ever,
Ne'er fled an equal foe;
And slaves they shall be never—
They'd rather life forego:
Ev'n on the crimson field,
Their courage will not yield;
Egypt's land—
Corunn's sand—
Have for freedom seen them die.

WHEN SCOTIA'S SACRED RIGHTS OF OLD.

AIR.—*O'er the Hills and far awa.*

WHEN Scotia's sacred rights of old
Were like to yield to tyrant's sway,
The brave Argyll, tho' mild, yet bold,
Usurping power made fly away.
Let Caledonia now rejoice—
Her own religion lasts for aye ;
For Freedom sings, with praising voice,—
Argyll's death gain'd for her the day.

Young Lorn next succeeds his Sire—
Refus'd King Charles' Test t'obey;
Nor dare proud York the act aspire
To gain him to Popish sway;

Our rights for guarding doom'd to die—
He boldly heeds not what they say;
Yet Heav'n kindly lets him fly
Safe to Holland's shore away.

Inspiring valour still his lore—
He could not view our rights decay;
But back he hied to Scotia's shore,
Still for her rights to pave the way;
But now our patriot's right is gone—
Most of his friends had turn'd away,—
By cruel tyranny undone,—
Argyll dies sooner than obey.

In patriotism or in wars,
Argylls did ever boast the day:
By Freedom sway'd, or sway'd by Mars,
Their glory never shall decay:
And should the foes to Freedom still
In hostile ranks themselves array,
It still has been kind Freedom's will
To spare Argyll to guard our way.

THE LASS OF INVERARAY.

AIR.—*Loch Errochside.*

OF Gowrie's Lass let Johnnie sing,
And a' the Carse wi' praises ring,
I'll sing o' ane, a bonnier thing,
 The lass o' Inveraray.
Wi' the morning star her charms vie:
At her sweet looks see Flora sigh—
Wi' this young thing I'd live or die—
 The Lass o' Inveraray.

The rising Lark, high o'er the field—
May blithely her swift pinions wield—
To me no joy her sports can yield,
 Without the lass o' Aray.

The fields may o' their verdure boast—
And Aray's stream its flow'ry coast—
To me their riches a' are lost
Without the lass o' Aray.

The Leveret sporting o'er the lea,
May frisk unheeded now by me—
My thoughts being all absorb'd by thee
The lass o' Inveraray.
The little warblers thro' the trees,
May tune their artless melodies—
Their music fails my soul to please,
Without the lass o' Aray.

Then say, sweet lassie! art thou mine?
Or may my joys unite with thine?
Say—yes! and let me not repine
Without the lass o' Aray.
I see sweet coyness in her face,
And from her looks the heart I trace—
I'll haste me to the kind embrace
Of the lass o' Inveraray.

THE PALE-FAC'D ORB.

AIR.—*Lochfyneside.*

THE pale-fac'd orb o'er Shira's vale
Effulgent gilds thy flowing tide,
And kindly lumines ev'ry dale
Upon thy banks, Lochfyneside.
But she and all her brightness leaves
Nought but darkness to my soul—
My heart, in silent anguish heaves
Sighs o'er which I've no control,
No joy is longer left for me;
I see, refluent, fate's hard tide,
Which parts me from all dear, and thee,—
My best friends, and Lochfyneside.

Thy wave-worn banks, and sandy shore,
No more I'll wander now upon—

These days of youthful bliss are o'er—
I now must quit my native home.
The silent tear of heart-felt pain,
As looking back, bedims my eye ;
My grief I would conceal in vain,
It still betrays me in a sigh.
Farewell ! ye woodlands and ye lawns !
With thee no longer I abide ;
Yet still my heart 'mongst thee, remains,
And on thy banks Lochfyneside.

Still Hope, that ever-soothing friend,
Amid the qualms of dreaded Fate,
One spark of pleasure makes attend
My joyless heart's-ache to abate.
She whispers gently in my ear,
That tho' my heart in grief doth burn,
Heav'n may blend what I now bear
With Joy supreme—a safe return.
Then welcome would I make that hour ;
And welcome, too, thy flowing tide,
That back should waft me to the shore
Of friends and thee, Lochfyneside.

PRINCE CHARLIE'S
ADDRESS ON HIS DEFEAT AT CULLODEN.

THE day is won;—proud Cumberland,
Our Foeman, gains the field;
Then, oh! retreat, my highland band!
Nor to th' Oppressor yield.
Your gallant struggle in my cause
Shall urge our haughty foe,
To execute his cruel laws,
And plunge my friends in woe.

If sacred laws have not decreed
Our Nation's laws to change,
We'll from the Tyrants yet be freed
And all our wrongs avenge;

But should it be the High command
That we no longer sway,
The sceptre of Britannia's land
We quietly must obey.

My fate has now decreed that I
Among the wilds must roam;
My subjects now my rights deny,
And drive me from my home.
My foes behold their Prince undone—
The sad conflict is o'er;
And I, no more may dwell upon
My own—my father's shore.

But, oh! my men! for safety fly,
And find it in the caves;
For by the Oppressor's law ye die—
None of my friends it saves.
My heart it bleeds—it bleeds for thee—
Of thee have Heav'n a care—
And I shall try to cross the sea,
To find my safety there.

Farewell! ye Clansmen and ye Chiefs
Who warmly took my side;
And may you still enjoy your fiefs,
In spite of Fortune's tide.
And when thy Prince, the sport of Fate,
Is on a distant shore:
Oh! may thy dangers then abate,
And peace be thine e'er more.

FINIS.

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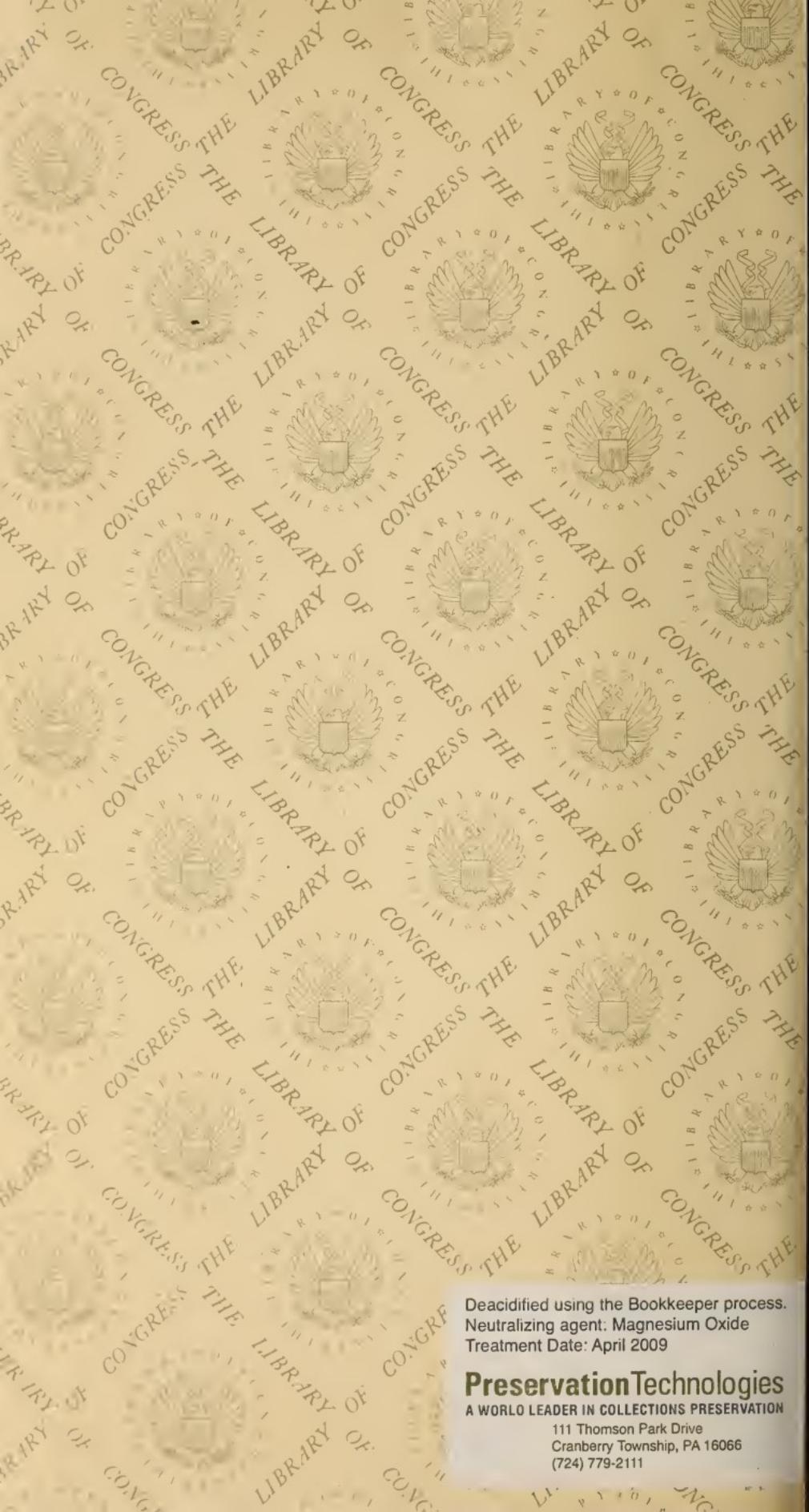
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